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REDPATH;

—OR,—

THE WESTERN TRAIL.

A Story of Frontier Life and Adventure.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

A NEW-COMER INTO THE FIELD.

"Is death is an eternal slumber," mused Brion, "then he who has lived the best in the world will sleep the most tranquilly. This clod was but recently a man, now it is insensate matter ready to return to the great body of nature whence it was derived."

"Beard of the immortal Joe!" cried a well-known voice, and thereupon the partisan felt himself hugged as if in the embraces of a bear. "Beavers and otters! guns and gunpowder!"

The reader will perceive that Buckeye had returned.

"Well, cap'n, this is what I call sing'lar! Why, I didn't much expect to see you ag'in in the airthly tabnercle of your nat'ral body!"

"A spirit has not flesh and bones as ye see me have," said Brion, sharing fully in Buckeye's gladness.

"In course not, for in that case one coulda't never spect to reach the new Jeroosalem unless he went up in a biloon; for the force of gravity, you know, would keep him rooted to the nateral sile. How in the name of Smith did you get clear of the Ingin creturs?"

"First let me ask, my friend, how you learned that I was a prisoner?"

"Why, I diskivered ye, in course, and saw the riptiles drivin' green stakes into the ground to the number of twelve and up'ards."

"You took the trail?"

"Flash and I, yes. I must say I found ye in a bad predicament. Twelve fires! three days! great Smith!"

"I perceive you are acquainted with the whole affair."

"That mixed individoval the Ingins call Beaverstaker has been here and he told me about the war-party and their vow; and you bein' gone, I put that and that together, and made up my mind what had happened, which was confirmed by goin' arter ye. But by the beard! what have you here?"

"You can examine and satisfy yourself."

"The body of a man with an arrow driven through his lungs, the pint stickin' from the back."

"True," said Brion.

"Beavers and otters! let us hear about it."

The partisan stated the circumstances of the case.

"'Tis the work of Redpath!" added Buckeye, in an under tone. "He is yet at his old trade; he's near us by night and by day; he's never asleep; his foot never tires, and his quiver is never empty."

"A wily foe," returned Brion.

"And not only wily but terrible!" resumed the trapper.

"Terrible to those whom he marks for destruction, to others he may be quite different."

"It wouldn't be strange if we should foller arter them that has felt his power and gone under the sile. We ought to think of the futur, and be ready to go at a second's warnin'. In case I should be the fast to give up airthly things, I want you to take Flash and be a good master to him—the faithful beute."

"It's my opinion you are destined for a long life and a happy one; nevertheless should I outlive you, Flash shall never want care and attention; he shall receive no stinted rations of provender, his work shall be light, and he shall die of old age."

"That sounds right and proper, and arranges all my airthly matters with the exception of my ride and sich like, which you must keep in remembrance of Buckeye—the free trapper."

"A brave soldier frequently make his will while going to battle; but let us hope that I shall not execute yours until I am myself a very old man. Now tell me where you have been—to get help, I dare say?"

"Yes, I started for the canon, but met one of your old trappers well mounted, and sent him with the news of your capture. Before noon, twenty-five brave fellers will be here—chaps that wont shrink from a skrimmage."

"We shall need them, possibly, for another purpose."

"To pursue Mariot and Headley?"

"That is my design," said Brion. "But I must attend to the last wish of this poor fellow, which was to give him a burial in the waters of the Nebraska."

The body was lifted upon Brion's horse and carried to the river, to the summit of a cliff overhanging the water. While they were preparing it for its final resting-place, a horseman was seen upon the opposite bank, who, perceiving the mountaineers, called to them, desiring to know if the river was fordable. The captain informed him that there was a sand-bar reaching two-thirds of the distance across; but notwithstanding he would in some places find it beyond his horse's depth.

The stranger attempted the passage, succeeding very well until within twenty yards of the shore, when—the horse not being a very powerful swimmer, and the water being deep and swift—he was borne downward with the current and his life endangered. The partisan perceiving his peril, did not hesitate to plunge in to his rescue, which, happily, he effected. The man was taken from the water much exhausted. He proved to be a person past middle age, very respectable in appearance, and a Frenchman.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed he, reviving from the effects of his bath. "I am getting too old to travel in such a barbarous country. Ma foi! I should have been drowned but for your friendly aid."

"Then my being here was providential," replied Brion.

"Evidently so; thanks be to the Divine Being!" said the stranger, fervently.

"We were performing a melancholy service when you appeared, which we will now complete. We were on the point of committing the mortal remains of a fellow-being to the keeping of this river."

"Indeed! a sad affair to perform in this great solitude; one of your companions, doubtless?"

"Guns and gunpowder, no!" exclaimed Buckeye. "We don't associate with sich."

"Please come this way, sir," requested Brion.

"Diable! he was shot with an arrow!" cried the Frenchman.

"And it was a fate he richly deserved, though we shouldn't judge too harshly of our fellercreters," said Buckeye.

"He was a bad man, then?"

"He hadn't no principles, whatsomever; he was in the employment of Pierre Mariot, partner in the firm of Bellmar & Mariot of Westport," rejoined the trapper.

The Frenchman seemed astounded, looking from Brion to Buckeye and from Buckeye to Brion as if he could not well credit what had been affirmed.

"It appears to work you up somewhat, stranger; but sich a spectacle as this may nat'rally do so. Perhaps you've heard of Redpath and perhaps you haven't; but whether you have or haven't—and it probably don't make no great odds—jest look afore ye, and you'll see a specimint of his work."

"This is most wonderful!" said the stranger, trembling with excitement. "I have heard of Redpath. I hope this is the only white man he has killed—within your knowledge?"

"I wish it was, but it isn't, by no means; see'ral have felt his arrows and knocked under—as 'twere."

The Frenchman now looked attentively at the partisan.

"If I mistake not," he said, "this is Captain Brion, the famous mountaineer?"

"My name is Brion," replied the captain, modestly, "but I believe I am not very famous."

"Thanks to the intercession of the saints! this is well. Perhaps you can tell me something concerning my daughter, Mignon?" said the Frenchman, hurriedly.

"Otters! are you the old gentleman?" exclaimed Buckeye. "Well, I may say the cap'n has behaved real handsome toward the gal. He's been the same as a father to her, and brother, too, for that matter, with a little sister thrown in. Bless you, sir, he's run all sorts of risk! twelve fires—three days—roastin'—pine splinters, and so on."

"For which he will accept a father's gratitude. Lead me to her at once."

"I'm not much in the habit of advisin' people older nor myself, but if I might be allowed to speak in a case like this, I should say keep down your nat'ral feelin's tell we find her. When she's once diskivered, you can be led to her, I reckon; but till then, I don't think it can be done. The truth is, that oncommon woman slipped away from us when we wasn't expectin' it; if it hadn't been for that circumstance, you wouldn't have seen us here, for we're arter her."

Mr. Bellmar's countenance indicated the depths of his disappointment, while Brion proceeded to explain the matter as well as he could; in addition to which he made a general statement of all that had happened to Mignon, as far as he knew.

"I trust," said Monsieur Bellmar, after a pause, "that my daughter's deportment has been at all times such as becomes one of her years and sex?"

"Guns and gunpowder! if she'd been queen of England, she couldn't conducted herself no better! I say it without meanin' no hurt to anybody of her kind; but I've never seen her equal, on the prairies or off, in towns or cities, and I'm forty and up'ards."

Buckeye spoke with particular enthusiasm, rounding the final period with a vigorous cut of his right hand through the air.

Bellmar looked gratefully at the trapper, of whose sincerity he had not a doubt, his earnestness fully attesting to his honesty.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

Leaving these parties, we return once more to Mignon. She had retired as usual, but a little after midnight was awakened by a sense of suffocation, and discovered that a handkerchief was tied tightly across her mouth, and her hands firmly held by a man, who instantly raised her in his arms and bore her swiftly from the tent.

"Be quiet, mademoiselle! no personal injury or disrespect is intended," said a voice which she recognized as Headley's. Mignon struggled and attempted to alarm the camp, but against Headley her feeble strength availed nothing. She was soon clear of the canon, when she was placed upon a horse; but the handkerchief was not removed until she had ridden as far as the timber, where Headley was joined by Beavertaker who had just reached the spot with several horses, her own among the number, which, as the reader knows, he had stolen.

Mignon being free from the restraint of the handkerchief was of course at liberty to express her indignation at such an outrage; a privilege of which she did not hesitate to avail herself.

"Mademoiselle Bellmar, I am acting under the influence of a passion that masters me. Do not hold me responsible for my deeds; indeed, you have driven me mad!" said he.

"You screen yourself under a miserable subterfuge! You cannot disguise from me the fact that you are acting under the instructions of Pierre Mariot," Mignon replied.

"In adoring you, I most certainly do not act under his orders," returned the Missourian.

"Tell me your purpose!" said Mignon, haughtily.

"My hope is that at some future time you will come to regard me in a manner far more kindly," responded Headley, with an air of humility.

"If you would have such hope realized, conduct me whence you have taken me," she replied.

"That I cannot consent to do; though if you will, I will save you from annoyance from Mariot."

"That you may annoy me yourself! Yes, I see; but the change will not be welcomed by me. I demand my liberty, and you cannot, if a man of honor, refuse my wish. When woman sues, man should not be inflexible."

"I could witness your death with more calmness than your return to Captain Brion, Miss Bellmar!" he exclaimed, with emphasis.

"Then entreaties are vain; and it only remains for me to submit to my fate, begging, however, to be treated with the deference due to my sex and honor," said Mignon, despairingly.

"You can do no more and no better, mademoiselle. If you prefer, you may ride your own horse, you perceive he is here?"

"Yes, I prefer to ride Brave, suffer me to do so." It was some alleviation of her distress to find herself upon her favorite steed again; and she indulged also a secret hope that she might escape by reason of his speed, by taking advantage of some moment when Headley was less watchful. She observed that blankets had been cut in pieces and tied upon the horses' feet to render the trail indistinct; also that the hardest ground was chosen to favor the same intent. The party crossed the Nebraska before sunrise, upon a raft that had been constructed for that purpose, which was destroyed when they reached the shore. Mignon's patience and firmness was then put to a severe test, for Mariot joined them, accompanied by Kincaid, but the latter immediately left with Beavertaker, and did not return.

Mariot affected a dignity and reserve which Mignon knew was foreign to his character, and which was assumed to cover his designs from Headley, also to awe the fair captive into silence and respect.

They now travelled very fast, Pierre being careful to keep at some distance from the young lady, wishing to escape her keen questioning, and deserved rebuke. Mignon quickened the pace of Brave and rode to his side. She desired to be informed by what authority he assumed the control of her person, and where he intended to conduct her. Mariot replied to the effect that she must content herself not to know at present, but that all, eventually, would result to her advantage.

This was unsatisfactory; Miss Bellmar urged her just interrogatories with becoming spirit. The Frenchman finally grew angry, and reproached her for rejecting him at Westport, accusing her also of unmaidenly conduct in placing herself under the protection of Captain Brion, a rough and rude trapper, not fit for the companionship of one gently reared, and possessed of lady-like and refined instincts.

"Evil-minded, invidious man!" exclaimed Mignon, vexed and wounded by his base intimations. "My aversion for your character momentarily increases. Think not to shake my constancy of purpose, or conquer my contempt for you."

Headley, who was riding in the rear, hearing the altercation, rode up and reproved Mariot for his bad temper, though in language not offensive. Pierre choked down his resentment, and no more conversation of that nature ensued.

As many of Headley's men as Mariot was able to mount had been sent forward the day previous; these they overtook before night; they were to wait for the remainder at a certain place known to Beavertaker and Kincaid, who were to meet them upon the stolen horses and conduct them there by another route.

Mignon complained of fatigue and requested Headley to encamp for the night; an artifice which she hoped would prove advantageous to Brion, who, she doubted not, would be able to find the trail, notwithstanding all the precautions taken. Mariot objected to this proposal, wishing to hurry on as fast as possible till morning. A difference of opinion thereupon arose, which was decided by vote among the men, and against the judgment of Mariot. This circumstance engendered ill feeling between the leaders, which, enhanced by mutual jealousy, showed itself often the following day. Mignon foresaw a quarrel, which possibly might produce some change in her favor, yet inwardly fearing the crisis that seemed approaching. The same scene in regard to camping was enacted at the close of the second day with the same results. Mignon slept and was hopeful—more hopeful than at any time since her abduction.

The morning sun arose with peerless brightness. Nature was glorious in her beauty. The wide-spreading prairies exhaled life and fragrance. The little camp was astir. Mignon stood near Brave, with her eyes turned wishfully toward the Wind River Mountains from which she was daily receding. Could she forget the scenes that had transpired at the feet of those mighty ranges? Never! they had impressed their thrilling events upon her soul, to remain there as long as life and memory lasted.

Mariot approached. Mignon remarked that his face wore a gloomy expression. Headley followed him; both stopped a few paces from her.

"I hope," she said, addressing Mariot, "that you have come to tell me that you regret what you have done?"

"No," he moodily replied, "I only regret your perverseness."

"How will you account for your conduct to my father?" resumed Mignon.

"That need not give you uneasiness," returned Mariot.

"Did the thought ever occur to you, Monsieur Mariot, that Redpath may be near us?" inquired Mignon, after a pause.

"Diable!" exclaimed Mariot, with a slight shudder. "I wish you would never speak that name in my hearing."

"Is the dread of that man then so strong upon you?" she continued.

"You have chosen an inauspicious subject, mademoiselle!" impatiently rejoined Mariot.

"Possibly so; but perhaps you believe in omens, premonitions, and such things?" resumed Miss Bellmar, perceiving the theme annoyed him.

"It matters not; it can make no great difference in our present relations. That I feel dark within, and an unwonted gloom weighs heavily upon me, I confess. I will acknowledge even more than this—there is a vague yet terrible fear of death upon me."

Mariot stood with his face to Mignon, his arms folded on his breast. His eyes were turned to her while he spoke with an expression that seemed to ask sympathy. At this moment his lips ceased moving, he groaned and fell at Mignon's feet, who, thinking he had fainted, looked at him with contempt; but that feeling changed to absolute awe when she discovered the shaft of an arrow, the point of which was lodged in his brain. While she gazed at this spectacle, so unexpected and so fearful, a man rushed from a growth of pinon just behind her, and embracing her, exclaimed:

"My daughter! my daughter!"

"My dear father!" cried Mignon, recovering somewhat from her bewilderment and returning his caresses.

"Beavers and otters!"

Mignon raised her eyes and saw Brion and Buckeye approaching, and held out both hands to them.

"Welcome! most welcome!" she exclaimed, with a radiant smile.

"Guns and gunpowder! the cap'n's been most distracted, and gone through all sorts of dangers—twelve fires—three days—roastin'—pine splinters!" added Buckeye, venturing to touch Mignon's little hand.

"For which he has my eternal gratitude," said Monsieur Bellmar.

"And mine, I am sure," said Mignon.

"Beard of Smith! he wants more'n that—he wants you, yourself!" quoth Buckeye, bluntly.

"If my father does not say 'No,' why—I think we may possibly arrange it," said Mignon.

"Upon my soul! I believe it's arranged already, and very well arranged, too! Diable! this wretched man died suddenly," added Belmar.

"There's another that ought to follow him," affirmed Buckeye. "Where is the cretur, I wonder?"

Brion looked around for Headley, but he had disappeared; and we will remark here as the most appropriate place, that he was never seen again by any one of the parties; what became of him is not known.

Awed by the fate of Mariot, disappointed by the flight of Headley, and convicted of the error they had committed, the gold-seekers flocked around the partisan and manifested such signs of repentance, and begged so hard to be received into his band again, that he forgave them. The whole party immediately set out on their return to the encampment at the canon. The trappers that had started for the rescue of Brion from the Blackfeet, accompanied him to the rescue of Mignon, but were concealed in a wood about half a mile distant.

While the body of Mariot was being interred, the partisan and Mignon walked alone, discoursing of recent events. The latter hearing a sound behind her, turned and beheld Ravenclaw. Brion also discovered him at the same moment.

"Son of the Buffalo!" said he, calmly, "the Great Spirit has given you a charmed life. You have conquered your enemies; you have been as successful in love as on the trail. You will live many moons, and be happy."

"Chief of the Blackfoot nation, may you live longer and be happier than I," answered Brion, earnestly.

"I ask not for life," returned Ravenclaw, proudly. "The rising and setting of suns can bring no joy to the soul of Ravenclaw; the waning and falling of moons are to him but meaningless things. But, son of the Buffalo, it is different with thee; thou hast a country, thou hast Lily-face."

"I have much to live for," said Brion.

"Your people are growing in greatness even as mine are dwindling away," added Ravenclaw, sadly. "Your nation will soon flow over these mountains, and my race will be pressed to the sea. But I shall not live to see it; I shall have passed to the hunting-grounds when the white man plants upon the graves of my fathers."

"Go with me to the cities of the white man," suggested Brion.

"Cursed be the cities of white men!" cried Ravenclaw.

"Ravenclaw, you have a noble nature," said Mignon, advancing and laying her hand on his arm. He looked down upon her and smiled.

The sunlight shining upon his lofty brow, lent a strange charm to his face.

"The voice of Lilyface is like the dove," he added, softly.

"Tell me," resumed Mignon, in a low tone, her hand still upon his arm, "who is Redpath?"

He drew back haughtily, pushing her gently from him; his eyes glittered like fire.

"Lilyface has a short memory; she has forgotten what she heard in yonder mountains. Redpath is the son of the Eagle, and he scorns to share his secret with another. Again I say, I know him not; that to me he is the greatest of all mysteries—mysterious as the soul within me. I repeat it—Redpath will live unknown—he will die high up in the cliffs—no ears shall hear his passing thunder—the paleface shall never behold his grave. To the great and awful Master of Life he will commend his spirit, and pass away as becomes his name and deeds. Son of the Buffalo, adieu! Lilyface—" the chief's voice faltered a little—"Lilyface, farewell, forever!"

Ravenclaw sprang from the rock; his majestic figure was visible an instant, and then was hidden from their sight—they saw him no more.

Brion's trapping campaigns are over. By his own fireside he talks with Mignon of Redpath. Balaam, too, participates in his curiosity. Mignon grows pensive at the mention of his name, and is persuaded to this day, that Ravenclaw and Redpath were one; while Buckeye, in his annual visits to Westport, swears by the "beard of Smith," that whatever Mignon says must be true.

THE END.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

Tell me, ye graceful daughters of the dark,
rough earth, who gave to you your beautiful forms? for, truly, by exquisite fingers ye must have been formed. What little spirits ascended from your unfolded blossoms? and what delight did ye feel, as the genii were rocking themselves upon your leaves?

Say to me, quiet flowers, how did they distribute among themselves their joyous task, and hockon to each other, whilst they so skilfully spun, and variously adorned and embroidered your delicate texture?

But ye are silent, happy children, and enjoy your existence. Well, then, the instructing fable shall relate to me that of which your mouth is silent.

As once the earth stood a naked rock, behold a friendly band of nymphs bear down to it the virgin soil, and kind genii stood ready to deck the bare rock with flowers. Variously they distributed among themselves the task. Soon beneath the snow, and in the cold, short grass, began modest Humility, and wove the self concealing violet. Hope stepped forth close after her, and filled with cooling fragrance the little cup of the refreshing hyacinth. Then came, since these succeeded so well, a proud, glittering train, of many colored beauties.

The tulip raised its head; the narcissus looked around with languishing eye. Many other genii and nymphs were busy in manifold ways, and adorned the earth, exulting in their beautiful forms. And, lo! when a large part of their work, with its glory and their delight in it, had faded away, Venus spoke to the graces also:

"Why do ye tarry, ye sisters of gracefulness? Up, and weave from your charms, too, a mortal, visible flower."

They descended to the earth, and Agiria, the grace of innocence, formed the lily. Thalia and Euphrosyne wove with sisterly hand the flower of joy and love, the virgin rose. Many flowers of the field and garden envy each other. The lily and the rose envied none, and were envied of all. Sister-like, they bloom together upon the same field of Flora, and adorn each other; for sister graces have woven them conjointly.—*From the German.*

A YANKEE MOVE.

A New York paper says a strapping Yankee having got out of employment in that big city, hit upon a plan by which to raise the wind. He is a painter by trade, and goes with his pot and brush to a house and inquires who lives there, and at what time he will be home to dinner?

Having found out, he stations himself at the door just about the time he expects the owner out from dinner, and commences painting the railing around the footstep. The astonished proprietor comes out and finds a man painting his railing.

"Who gave you, sir, authority to paint this?"

"Nobody," says the Yankee; "but you see, squire, I was coming along, and kinder thought that it would look a little better painted. Don't you think so?"

The proprietor gets a little wrathy, but the Yankee takes it very cool and keeps on his work painting.

"It will never do," says the proprietor, "to let it go so, half-painted."

"I'll finish it very cheap for ye," says the Yankee.

"Well, finish it."

And so he gets a good job. He has been practicing in the neighborhood of Broome and Varick streets lately.

RARE HONESTY.

Some years since a man in New Hampshire bargained for a lot of land, and agreed, by notes, to pay $400 for it; but things went wrong with him, and after some time he left the town suddenly, between two days. The seller of the land, though rather sold, said but little about it, and pocketed his disappointment, though he did not the dollars. He came to the vicinity of Boston, and remained a poor man, the "lot still on hand," making him no richer. A few days since, while passing along State Street, a voice familiarly called his name, and turning, he recognized his old customer in a well dressed and good-looking man. After shaking hands, the well dressed man asked him if he would now take the face of his note for the land? "I would certainly," was the quick response, "and very glad to get it." "Well," said the man, "come in here;" and taking him into an office in the vicinity, he counted out to him $1000, telling the astonished note holder that there was his pay with interest, with the assurance that he had enough left to meet any demands that might come up. He had been to California, and had come home to rest on his ores. He was munificent to his creditor because he had been say—a lesson to all stony-hearted creditors.—*Post.*

RUSSIAN MECHANICS.

The manual dexterity of the Russian mechanics is said to be almost marvellous. The favorite implement of all workers in wood is an axe with a broad blade and short handle. The workman wields it with one hand, and he will smooth a board with it as well as with a plane, or make a joint that defies the closest scrutiny to detect it. Though as yet no great work of art, no wonderful creation of genius, no striking discovery in science or invention in mechanics, has been produced by a Russian, yet in everything that requires accuracy of eye, delicacy of touch, and minute imitation, he is unsurpassed.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

BY HARRIE F. CARLTON.

Is it anybody's business
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or to speak a little plainer,
That my meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business
When that gentleman does call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leave at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtain should be drawn,
To save from farther trouble
The outside lookers-on!

Is it anybody's business
But the lady's, if her beau
Rides out with other ladies
And doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort
Where he doesn't chance to be?

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FANNY MARTIN AND HER NEIGHBORS.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"Well, my dear, how do you like your new quarters? rather comfortable than otherwise, it seems to me." And Harry Martin, standing in the centre of his wife's cheerful little sitting-room, with folded arms, glanced contentedly about the pleasant apartment, and then walking to one of the open windows, surveyed the no less agreeable prospect outside.

"O, yes, really charming; the most perfect little nest of a house; everything is as convenient as possible. It is just far enough out, too; one can take so much comfort where there is fresh air to be had, and green fields about, and something over a square yard of blue sky to be seen. Patty declares she can do as much again work, here. She does it up in less than no time, almost, you ought to see her arms fly."

Harry laughed. "And I see, my dear Fanny, that you have lost none of your eloquence. Really, this fresh air has quite an exhilarating effect on you. Your—"

"There! now it's time, Harry—now it's time to stop," and Fanny laid her hand, with an air of merry decision over her young husband's lips. "I dare say you were going to add, that I talk faster than ever!"

"No, I will subtract it, instead, till I get out of your reach, my dear. But seriously, Fanny, I am quite glad to find you are so well pleased with your new home. You may tell me as much about it, as you like. I shall not grow weary, I promise you."

"Good Harry! indulgent husband! to give his wife leave to talk till she's tired!" and Fanny's bright hazel eyes sparkled saucily.

"Hush, you mischief! Just as though *my* permission was of any consequence! But let us talk sense, now, Fanny. But I want to ask you if you don't find yourself lonely out here? It is so much more quiet—"

"Lonely? no indeed, Harry. You know I have been too busy with my new house, for that; and besides it is not a lonely neighborhood, by any means. See, there are three—four—yes, six or seven houses, close about here; and such pretty gardens! And I can sit with my sewing here at the window, and look across the sunny fields, and see the neighbors run in and out, occasionally. O, I am sure, it is quite cheerful."

"That is a pretty cottage, yonder—the white one, where most of the blinds are closed," remarked the gentleman, directing the attention of his wife to the house in question.

"Yes, very pretty. But how still it looks! I thought, when we first came, that it must be unoccupied; there seemed so little life about it. But I saw somebody open the blinds and draw up the curtains, both upper and lower, the next morning. A little girl, too, came and played in the yard. I wonder who lives there?"

"I dare say you will know soon enough, Fanny. You wont have to wait long."

"How should I find out?"

"Have you become acquainted with any of the neighbors, my dear, as yet?"

"No. Not one. You know we have been here only three or four days."

"Well, let them take the first steps towards an introduction. Don't put yourself forward, in the least. There is nothing I more deeply dislike, than this running from house to house, for a friendly gossip, which you always see in a neighborhood like this. Don't be too intimate with any of them, Fanny. Treat them politely, and all alike. That will save you some annoyance, perhaps."

"Annoyance! my dear husband, how?" queried the unsophisticated Fanny.

"In several ways, my dear," he answered; "which I cannot enumerate now. But you will have an opportunity of discovering, if you wait, perhaps. Do you know, Fanny, that I am not over-fond of neighbors!"

"Fie, Harry, how unchristian!" said Fanny.

"Don't judge yet, my dear. I trust you will always have cause to like yours."

And here the conversation on this subject ended.

The next evening, when Harry found himself at home again, after a day of close attention to business in town, his pretty wife greeted him in a flutter of even greater cheerfulness than usual.

"Well, how do you get along to day, Fanny?" was his question, as they sat at tea.

"O, nicely as can be. And I have seen one of our neighbors, and spoken to her. She is such a lovely woman!" And Fanny was quite ecstatic over her new acquisition in the way of acquaintance.

"Who is she?" asked her husband, quietly, as he opened a biscuit.

"Mrs. Longley. She ran in this morning, with an easy, unceremonious way that is really quite charming; it makes one feel so much at home! She said she had seen me sewing by the window, and I appeared to be quite alone, and so she longed to have a little friendly chat with me. 'You know, too,' she said, 'it is the custom for people to call on a new neighbor first, and I thought you would actually begin to imagine us all savages about here, if we didn't make some advances towards acquaintance before a great while.' And so," continued Fanny, "she sat with me for full a half hour, and talked so pleasantly that I felt as if she were quite an *old* friend. I do like her very much!"

"Ah!" said Harry, carelessly.

"Yes. And I shouldn't wonder if I should see some of the other ladies in the vicinity soon. She spoke to me about three or four of them—Mrs. Wells, and Mrs. Carlton, and Miss Wickham, and one or two more, I believe. You see I shall not be lonely, at all, Harry."

Fanny had quite forgotten her husband's warning, in respect to the neighbors; and two or three days afterward, found herself, with sewing in hand, seated very comfortably in Mrs. Longley's parlor, chatting very easily and pleasantly with that lady. Mrs. Longley, on her part, proved a most agreeable hostess; and made the time pass so quickly, in the discussion of various subjects of feminine interest, that Fanny was startled to perceive how fast the hours had flown. It was fully time for Harry to be on his way out from town, when she finally looked at her watch.

"My dear Mrs. Longley, I really must go," she said, rising, with a smile; "it is almost six; and my husband will be at home; he will want me."

But Mrs. Longley could not hear of parting with her guest so easily. She would be shocked to think of it. Fanny must sit directly down again, and the domestic should be sent over, with Mrs. Longley's compliments, to invite Mr. Martin to tea. Yes, absolutely, dear Mrs. Martin must and should stay!

Fanny, however, was obliged to decline her kind offer.

"My husband rarely takes tea away from home," she said; "and though, I am sure, he would be extremely obliged for the invitation, yet he would prefer coming some other time. I did not tell him I was coming in this afternoon, and he will expect to meet me at our own table. But we will try and come some time, Mrs. Longley."

"Yes, so do, Mrs. Martin. I am extremely sorry to lose you this afternoon, so early, but these lords of creation," and she smiled affably, "will have their own way."

"Too bad, I declare!" exclaimed the lady, as soon as her guest was out of hearing—"too bad, I declare. I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Longley, that husband of hers must be a real ogre! his wife is actually afraid to drink tea away from home, without him. A little *too* strict, I should say."

Meanwhile, Fanny Martin ran home, and was ready for Harry, with a kiss, when he came. He did not look much like an ogre, certainly, as Fanny would have indignantly declared, could she have heard Mrs. Longley's words.

"Harry," she said, after she had given him a sketch of her afternoon at Mrs. Longley's, "Harry, I know now, who lives in that quiet cottage, yonder, with the high garden wall. The gentleman is named Kingston—Josiah Kingston. Mrs. Longley says she believes they are of an excellent family, and quite wealthy, though nobody knows certainly, because Mr. and Mrs. Kingston never visit in the neighborhood, or receive company. They are very exclusive. Indeed, they have intimated that they do not desire to mingle with the neighbors at all. So they are never visited by the people here."

"Happy pair!" ejaculated Harry, with a sigh.

"Why, Harry, dear!" said Fanny, quite shocked—"but it is so unsocial, you know! Indeed, Mrs. Longley thinks it very unnatural—almost wicked, in them! Because it looks as if they thought themselves so much better than other people. They must be very hard, proud-hearted people, themselves."

Harry drank his tea slowly, and seemed to be meditating; so Fanny fell into a reverie, too; from which she presently roused herself, exclaiming:

"Harry, you have heard me speak of Mrs. Lee, who lives across the way?"

"Yes, my dear. Our friend, Mrs. Longley, has given you an account of their history, I suppose?"

Fanny was slightly perplexed by his peculiar tone; and as she could not exactly understand it, she replied:

"No, not a history, exactly—she told me some things about her. Just to me, you know; she said she wouldn't tell these things to anybody else; but I had just come into the neighborhood, a young married woman, so, and I might want to know something about the people among whom I had come to reside. Well, this Mrs. Lee is a widow, and her husband, who died year before last, was a merchant in town. He failed just five years ago, and Mr. Longley, who happened to have some hundreds of dollars in Mr. Lee's hands, lost every cent of it. Mr. Lee failed just on purpose to make money, too, Mrs. Longley says. Only think—what a dreadful thing! to wrong his creditors out of their honest dues! And Mrs. Longley says, thousands of people suffered just so, from his wicked deeds."

A look, half amusement, half indignation, sparkled in Harry's eye, as innocent little Fanny, putting firm faith in the stories retailed her by her neighbor, repeated them to her husband, with the utmost earnestness.

But he repressed the words that rose to his lips, and instead of uttering them, said, very calmly: "anything else, my dear?"

"And then, don't you think, Harry, Mr. Lee and his wife, instead of giving up that beautiful little cottage, which they lived in, and where the widow lives now, they kept it, and were just as comfortably off as ever; though, to be sure, Mr. Lee was obliged to become a clerk in some counting house—and died not long after. But Mrs. Longley says the cottage is hers, as much as it is Mrs. Lee's; and she ought to be receiving the rent of it this minute, for the money that Mr. Lee defrauded Mr. Longley of."

Harry made no reply to all this, but turned the conversation into another channel. The next morning, when he was ready to go into town, he said, carelessly to Fanny:

"My dear, I would not go out to-day, if I were in your place—that is, to make calls. If you want to take the air, you had better walk out over the fields, or take the omnibus, and come down to the counting-house, and see me."

"Yes, Harry, I should like that, of all things, to come and see you. But why mayn't I make calls to-day? Not that I want to, dear, but then—I should like to know!"

"Yes, you genuine daughter of Eve!" laughed her husband, kissing her. "But never mind now. I will tell you some time." And he went.

During the morning, as Fanny sat alone by herself, sewing, a knock at the door was heard; and immediately, Patty, the neat little housemaid, ushered in two ladies whom the young wife recognized as Mrs. Wells, and Miss Wickham; the former a tall, stately-looking dame, with an impressive and gracious manner, and the latter a good natured, and extremely girlish young lady of thirty. They had come to chat with dear Mrs. Martin a moment, only just a moment! and they really couldn't stay. No, thank dear Mrs. Martin, but they *couldn't* lay aside their bonnets, any way in the world, because they were in *such* a hurry.

"It was a lovely morning—yes; how glad they were she had come to reside in the neighborhood! they had felt confident, from the first, that they should like her extremely. And they were in hopes she would like to reside here; they were sure *they* would do everything in their power to make it pleasant for her." And Fanny was quite overcome with their kindness.

"What pleasant, open hearted people I have come among!" she said, mentally.

Well, they—the guests—were sure she had a sweet little place here—the loveliest, absolutely, in all M——. But then, after all, it was one half in the taste and means of the occupants, that the real beauty of such an estate lay; and they were sure dear Mrs. Martin had the most perfect taste in the world.

A pause.

Presently—"had dear Mrs. Martin seen Mrs. Bromleigh?"

"Dear Mrs. Martin," had not.

"Ah, Mrs. Bromleigh was such a lovely woman! and, indeed, quite the leader of the *ton* here in M——. They supposed she would share her throne now with Mrs. Martin—if not give way entirely; and dear Mrs. Martin would be so pleased to know her!"

"Then the lady is very agreeable?" asked Fanny.

"O, excessively so; and so aristocratic! Mrs. Bromleigh had spent the last winter in Paris. They say she lived in splendid style there. Very wealthy, O, immensely wealthy!" in an impressive and solemn voice; "though—to tell the truth—if they were quite sure dear Mrs. Martin would never—*never* mention that they told her? the late Mr. Bromleigh was—a butcher!"

The guests, again wondered if the Kingstons had called on "dear Mrs. Martin?"

"No, the Kingstons had not done her that honor."

"O, well, that was not to be minded! for they were such proud, odious people! a great deal too good, in the estimation of themselves, to mingle with their neighbors. For *their* part—that of the guests—they didn't think such exclusiveness looked well, at all!"

And after Mrs. Lee, and two or three other equally unoffending people had been talked over, and pulled to pieces, and "dear Mrs. Martin" had received the proper quantum of flattery, they rose to take leave. And, at the door, they were obliged to add the postscript of morning calls in general, by standing fifteen minutes longer to talk. And, among the rest of the items, they said that Mrs. Martin must be sure to call soon; they should expect her with the utmost impatience; but they believed, at least, they had heard, that Mr. Martin seldom visited. They were so sorry for that! but surely he would make an exception in favor of the M——ites! He must bring his wife to see them, and take tea, and spend a good long evening. He really must let "dear Mrs. Martin" visit just as much as she pleased.

"O, yes," Fanny hastened to say, completely won by their tenderness; "Harry was not at all averse to her visiting as much as she pleased, but he says, you know," charmingly blundered the little wife, in the most innocent way, "he does dread to have me get up these gossiping acquaintances, that a quiet neighborhood like this is sure to have! Harry does hate gossip, that is, ill natured gossip, as heartily as I do. But I see you are in haste; I will not detain you. Good morning!"

Poor, unconscious little Fanny! how that blind shot struck home!

Tea-time came again, and with it Harry. "Fanny, my dear, you didn't come down to see me to day?" he said.

"No, Harry, for I had Mrs. Wells and Miss Wickham in this morning, and it was so warm this afternoon."

"More neighbors?" The young man's merry brow slightly clouded. "I hope, if they were more of Mrs. Longley's stamp, that you haven't committed yourself by being drawn into their whirlpool of scandal!"

"Dear Harry, what *do* you mean?" was her astonished query. "Mrs. Longley's—scandal?"

"Exactly. For Mrs. Longley said several very abominable things about the Kingstons. And who do you think the Kingstons are?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, Harry, do you?"

"This Mr. Isaac Kingston—Josiah, you called him—is one of my lamented father's oldest friends; and one whom he prized highly. Mr. Kingston has called on me, to-day, and is coming, with his wife, to see us this evening. He only discovered, to day, what my name was. I spoke something about having heard his name mentioned, and he answered that he did not doubt it; for a greater set of busy bodies than this place contains, he never saw; and he and his wife have shut themselves out of their reach."

"Only think, Harry!" was all Fanny could utter, for surprise.

"Yes, and that is not all. The story of Mrs. Longley, concerning Mr. Lee and his wife, was almost entirely false. Mr. Lee did fail, it is true; but he owed Longley only two hundred dollars, and paid fifty cents on the dollar at that; while the house which Mrs. Longley claims as her property, was settled on Mrs. Lee by her aunt, long before the failure, with the proviso that she never should part with it at any cost, but keep it for a home for herself and her children, in case misfortune should ever befall them. I met Mrs. Lee to-day, and asked her to come and see you. Who do you think she is?"

"More wonders? I don't know, Harry."

"Sister Ada's old school-companion, Laura Marsh."

"O, is it possible, Harry!" exclaimed the delighted wife. "Dear Laura! so that was the Arthur G. Lee, whom I heard she married? and I haven't seen her for all these years!"

"I thought last night, when you mentioned the name to me, that it was familiar to me, or had been so, on 'change, and I was resolved to ascertain the truth of Mrs. Longley's story. I inquired of Mr. Grey, and heard all about it from him."

"O, that dreadful Mrs. Longley!" said Fanny. "How can I ever believe what people tell me again? She seemed so honest, and so ill-used!"

"And so confidential," added Harry, with a merry smile. "Let this teach you a lesson, my little wife. Confidences that are so easily bestowed, you may depend upon it, are never worth much; and you may value the one who bestows them accordingly."

"And I thought Mrs. Lee and the Kingstons were such terrible persons, too," said Fanny; "I never could have spoken to them in the world, thinking of them as I did. But O, dear, that dreadful Mrs. Longley! and Mrs. Wells, and Miss Wickham! They both told me—I don't know how much, to-day, about different people whom I have never seen. What shall I do? I never want to see those women again. And I thought they were so beautiful!" and Fanny was half-crying.

"Well, never mind, Fanny dear—never mind. Let us have tea now, and forget all about these disagreeable affairs; and then you shall sit and talk with me until our neighbors come in to see us; our *true* neighbors, Fanny!"

Our pretty heroine had to pay dearly for those "confidences." In less than a week, she heard from all quarters, that Mr. Martin was a most despotic husband—a perfect tyrant; that he had utterly forbidden his wife to visit a single neighbor, and kept her under his own eye continually; while some even went so far as to say that he was a most desperately jealous man, and that was at the bottom of his treatment. Harry Martin had merriment enough, from this, to last him his lifetime; and though his pretty wife laughed till she cried, at so absurd a fabrication, yet she declared it quite a serious matter, after all. But the best lesson of her married experience, was taken from her *neighbors*.

NOVEL ARITHMETIC.

An Ohio correspondent becomes sponsor for the following, which as a matter of fact, he wishes to put on record: Whittaker is one of the richest men in those parts, and has made his money by driving sharp bargains. His hired man was one day going along with a load of hay, which he overturned upon a cow. The poor thing was smothered to death before they could get her out. Her owner, Jones, called upon Mr. Whittaker the next day, and demanded payment for the loss of his cow.

"Certainly," said Mr. Whittaker, "what do you think she is worth?"

"Well, about ten dollars," said Jones.

"How much did you get for the hide and tallow?"

"Ten dollars and a half, sir."

"O, well, then you owe me just fifty cents."

Jones was mystified, and Whittaker very fierce in his demand, and before Jones could get the thing straight in his mind, he forked over the money.—*New York Tribune.*

CALIFORNIA STYLE.

Not long since, a German was riding along Sansome street near Sacramento, when he heard a pistol shot behind him, heard the whizzing of a ball near him, and felt his hat shaken. He turned and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and took off his hat and found a fresh bullet hole in it.

"Did you shoot at me?" asked the German.

"Yes," replied the other party; "that's my horse; it was stolen from me recently."

"You must be mistaken," said the German, "I have owned the horse for three years."

"Well," says the other, "when I come to look at him, I believe I am mistaken. Excuse me, sir, wont you take a drink?"

The rider dismounted, tied his horse; the two found a drinking saloon near by, they bob nobbed and drank together, and parted friends. That is the California fashion of making acquaintances.—*California Pioneer.*

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

A traveller who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable, which was told him by a dervise, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel. "Every man," says the dervise, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and another on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is done is done forever. When he has done evil, the angel on his left shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight. If before that time, the man bows down his head and exclaims, "Gracious Allah! I have sinned, forgive me!" the angel rubs it out; and if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps."

Youth—Bestow thy youth so that thou mayst have comfort to remember it, when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end; but behold, the longest day hath its evening, and thou shalt enjoy it but once; it never returns again; use it, therefore, as the spring time, which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LITTLE JOSIE.

BY ESTHER S. STRATTON.

What wonder that mother can love thee so dearly,
Little fay!
When those blue eyes peep through their lashes so clearly,
Full of play.
When those clustering curls thy fair brow tressing,
Wave with glee,
As thy tiny arms fold round her, caressing
Tenderly.

How fondly she watches! her heart ever brimming
With love's prayer.
Guarding thee, loved one, so fairy and winning,
With blest care.
Guiding thy trust, that its rays now revealing,
Glow like a star,
And learning thy lips what thy warm heart is feeling,
Love mama.

Sweet little fay! may the shadows ever waving,
Mid joy's light,
Never sadden, never tune thy heart to grieving,
But as bright
As the arching brow may thy life-path, gilding,
Ever be,
Ever loving, ever pure, true affection ever guiding,
Blessing thee.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MARIAN WILLBY:

—OR—

WORTH AND WEALTH.

BY KATE CLOUD.

The last rays of an autumnal sun gleamed through the tall graceful elms which surrounded the parsonage at L——, and gilded the spire of the old gray church, until it shone like a shaft of gold against a background of cold dark clouds that had settled in the eastern sky. There they stood—the altar and the home—old, gray and time-worn; but he who for so many years had walked forth from that home beneath the shelter of those noble trees, and duly, as the holy day returned, dispensed messages of love and wisdom to his flock, had gone, full of honors as of years, to his last home.

By the low window over which the wild rose and gadding woodbine formed a fragrant shade, sat a fair girl, watching with mournful eyes the waving boughs as they swayed gracefully to and fro in the evening breeze, and listening to their soft and soul like music. Beyond, gleaming through the trees in the golden sunlight, stands the white marble tablet which marks the grave of her sainted mother; over which with falling tears she has daily scattered flowers since she laid her there. And there, too, is the new-made grave of her revered father, so lately gone, she can almost feel the beloved hand still resting with a blessing on her head. But now she is alone. The silence, the deserted rooms, all speak to the orphan's heart, and tell her she is alone.

Since the death of her father, which occurred two months previous to the commencement of our story, Marian Willby had lived in complete seclusion at the parsonage. At length, yielding to the earnest invitation of her uncle, residing in B——, to make his house her future home, she had made her arrangements to leave L—— on the ensuing day. Her trunks were all packed, and standing in the little parlor. She seated herself once more, perhaps for the last time, at the favorite window, sacred to so many delightful and sad memories. Here she had received precious teachings and sweet counsels from the lips of her beloved mother, which must now guide her orphaned feet in the pleasant paths of peace. And here, from the rich storehouse of his knowledge, her father had instructed her, and trained her mind to thought and study. These priceless legacies were her sole inheritance, save the precious but dangerous gift of a face of bewildering beauty, and a form tall and graceful as the bending willow.

On the evening of the next day Marian ascended with a beating heart the long flight of steps leading to the aristocratic house of Mr. Irving, her uncle, in B——. She had often before been in B—— with her parents, but since her mother's death, the increasing infirmities of her father had confined her almost constantly at home, and it was then four years since she had seen her uncle. She knew she was expected; but when she entered the splendid drawing-room, where her aunt and uncle were sitting, so unprepared were they for the elegant, dignified young lady, in the person of their niece who stood before them, she was compelled to announce her name before they recognized her. They received her with the utmost cordiality and tenderness. Having removed her hat, her long golden curls, no longer confined, fell in rich profusion over her dress of deep mourning, and formed a most striking contrast with the snowy whiteness of her throat, and delicate blooms that tinged her cheek. Scarcely was she seated, when a child of most exquisite loveliness who had not removed her large black eyes from her since she entered, now sprang forward, and with one bound, lighting in her lap and clasping her waist, and laying her plump, rosy cheek against her, said:

"O, cousin Marian, I know I shall love you, you are so beautiful."

"Then I must love you, too, Lilly, for the same reason, mustn't I?"

"I suppose I must be good, too, else mama says no one will love me."

"It will not be your fault, Lilly, if you have not made a deep impression; your first appearance was sufficiently striking, I imagine," said a young gentleman of fourteen, now coming forward and greeting his cousin with a low bow. "I would not try to jump into cousin Marian's affections."

"I would not try to bow into them, either, brother Neddy," retorted Lilly, mischievously.

"Ah, Lilly, you are a spoiled child," said he; "no one minds what you say."

"Why, Edward," said Mrs. Irving to her husband, while the two children were engaging Marian's attention, "did you not tell me how beautiful Marian was? I was quite taken by surprise; and so lady-like too in her manner."

"For the very good reason, my dear, that I had no knowledge of it myself; I have not seen her since she was a child, and I assure you I was quite as much surprised as yourself. She will be a pleasant companion for you."

"She is a prize. I am quite proud of her already."

It was wonderful how necessary Marian at once became to each member of the family. Mr. Irving suddenly took a fancy to a game of chess in the evening, and no one could play like Marian. Mrs. Irving wondered to herself how she had lived so long without a companion to whom she could confide all her cares, and find that sympathy which their importance demanded; or talk over the little on-dits and bits of news which found their way into their pleasant retired sitting-room; while Lilly could scarcely be separated from her to attend to her studies, and this difficulty she soon contrived to obviate.

All that was now wanting to render the life of Marian calm and peaceful, was some active employment to occupy her mind and charm away sad thoughts, and this deficiency Lilly's plan was admirably calculated to supply. It was no less than to dismiss the prim governess who had never been equal to her task, and substitute cousin Marian in her place. This was at first objected to by her mother, as being too great a confinement for Marian; but as Marian herself strongly advocated it, and as the governess was slightly *passe* in music, she at length consented.

Marian confined herself almost entirely at home, limiting her recreation to a daily walk with Lilly, or a shopping excursion with her aunt; and steadily refusing the many pressing invitations that were almost daily extended to her to accompany her aunt to dinner and evening parties. Still, it was astonishing how rapidly their circle of young acquaintances increased, especially of young gentlemen, who seemed suddenly to have waked up to a most flattering appreciation of Mr. Irving's friendship. Indeed, he remarked, with a sly glance at Marian, he could scarcely walk the streets without meeting with a cordial grasp from some young gentleman whom he hardly knew by what name to address, with the promise that he should very soon do himself the honor to call at his house.

"I think we are all getting young again, since Marian came," remarked her aunt, smilingly.

"That must be the secret, I believe," he replied.

Charles Ellison was the younger brother of Mrs. Irving, and a privileged personage in the family whenever he chose to make himself one of its members. He was gay, social, and handsome, and altogether a most agreeable companion.

It was now more than a year since Marian became established in her new home. Although the memory of by gone days had saddened many an hour, yet for the most part she had been very happy. She had found the care of teaching Lilly a pleasant employment for her mind, and each day had served to strengthen the tie which bound her to the lovely child.

"It is St. Valentine's day," said Lilly, one bright morning, bounding into her room, her face beaming with happiness. "It is a holiday, and mama says I shall have no lessons to-day, and that I may be out all the morning."

"O, that will be delightful," said Marian. "But where do you wish to go?"

"I am going to send uncle Charles a valentine, and I wish you to go with me and help me to select it; and a dozen other places. Come, dear Marian, let me tie on your hat. When will you leave off this grave, black hat; I love to see beautiful ladies decked with flowers."

"When the weeds of sorrow in my heart are all choked with flowers, Lilly, then I will leave off the emblems of sorrow."

She little dreamed that the events of this day, even, would sow seeds in her life-path which should one day spring up and so fill her heart with flowers that there should be no room for sorrow.

It was a lovely spring-like day, and as they tripped along the street, many a lengthened gaze of the passers-by followed them; for a lovelier vision never blessed their sight.

Lilly's calls and errands were at length all accomplished; the important valentine had been selected and despatched, and they were turning their steps homeward. They were just opposite Mr. Ellison's store, and Lilly could not repress her curiosity to know if the valentine had been already received. Whispering to Marian to wait for her there, while she peeped in for a moment, she tripped away. In a few moments she appeared again, and in her eager haste, heeded not the scream of Marian, or that a span of horses with the wheels of a carriage attached to them, were dashing towards her with terrific speed. Marian rushed forward, but some one held her back with a strong hand—then darting forward, caught Lilly in his arms, and with one bound cleared the spot where the next instant the sparks flew from the feet of the terrified animals.

Mr. Ellison who had witnessed the scene, but too late to render any assistance, now recognized Marian, and led her half fainting into his store, while the stranger followed with Lilly in his arms, and placing her upon a sofa, was gone, ere any one save Marian had seen his face.

After recovering from the excitement caused by this adventure, they proceeded home.

Some time during the afternoon as Marian and her aunt were quietly seated in the little family parlor, talking over the events of the day, a letter was handed to Marian by a servant, saying that the bearer would wait to see if an answer was to be returned.

"What is it?" inquired her aunt, observing the surprised look that gradually overspread Marian's face as she perused the missive.

"What can it mean?" said she, when she had finished, passing the letter to her aunt. It ran as follows:

"MISS WILLBY,—Passing through —— street this morning, I had the extreme pleasure of first meeting you, a circumstance which may, I trust, amount to more than ordinary incidents. After a pilgrimage through life of eight and twenty years, the one whom a fond imagination has often pictured to me, came like a phantom, and as soon departed; not without leaving an impression engraven on my heart that the right one had crossed my path of life. Your, to me, extreme beauty of face and person, attracted my attention, and I was almost like a statue rivetted to the spot in a fond reverie; and fancy pictured happy hours which may or may not come. On inquiry I learned with much satisfaction, that you were yet free—yet your own; in consideration of which, and in justice to my own feelings, I could not restrain the strong desire I had of saying this much to you. I leave to-morrow for the South, shall return again in a few weeks, and if it is not too much, may I ask to be forgiven for this breach of etiquette, and also to be remembered. With respect.

ERNEST MCGREGOR."

Charleston, S. C.

"A valentine," said her aunt, when she had perused the letter.

"Do you think so?" asked Marian, very thoughtfully.

"Perhaps Charles has done it," said her aunt. "Let me see who brought it. Yes, it must be from Charles; his errand boy is the bearer. What a joke, that the boy should wait for an answer, and thus betray the author. Will you answer it, or shall I?"

"It does not require any answer," said Marian.

"But I wish him to know that he is discovered," replied her aunt.

"Then you may answer it, if you please."

She wrote as follows:

"If Mr. McGregor is not still 'rivetted' to the spot, and will do her the honor of calling at her residence, Miss Willby will endeavor to exorcise the 'Phantom' which has so impressed his imagination, and assure him that it shall never again cross his path in life. ——."

Feb. 14. *No.* 11, —— *Place.*

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed, when the servant re-entered, saying, that a gentleman waited to see Miss Willby in the drawing-room.

"It is Charles," said her aunt, as she caught a glimpse of her brother in the hall. I was sure he sent you the valentine."

As Marian expected, when she entered the drawing-room, she met the smiling face of Mr. Ellison.

"Good evening, Miss Willby," said he, taking her hand; "allow me to introduce to you Mr. McGregor." Having said this, he passed out and shut the door. Had a ghost stood before her, Marian could not have looked more terror-stricken. Her first impulse was to turn and flee, but there stood the stranger, the hero of their morning's adventure—a tall, elegant looking man, with a strikingly intellectual face and bearing. He was speaking to her, with his hand upon his heart; in a low, thrilling tone, he said, "Miss Willby, we are the creatures of circumstance—"

"Sir," said Marian, all her dignity and self-possession returning, while her face was suffused with blushes, "if through my thoughtlessness I have led you into this error, I most humbly crave your pardon. Had I believed for one moment that the epistle which I received this evening was indeed what it purported to be, believe me, I never should have returned the answer which you must have received. I supposed it a valentine, or an act of pleasantry from an intimate acquaintance, and answered it as such."

"It was indeed an honor which I had not dared to promise myself, to be permitted to visit you; but inasmuch as I addressed you in sincerity, I had hoped that my words had waked a sympathetic feeling which for once had melted the icy barriers of form and etiquette. But since it is only through a mistake that I am here, which even St. Valentine has seemed to favor, I trust you will accept the good omen, and allow me still farther to cultivate your acquaintance."

"I believe we are deeply indebted to you, sir, for saving Lilly and myself from great danger this morning; are we not?"

"It was then I had the happiness of meeting you, Miss Willby, for which I shall ever bless the hour."

"Will you be seated, sir," said Marian, as she touched the bell, and bade the servant to ask her aunt to come into the drawing-room. "My aunt expressed much regret that we had no opportunity of thanking you for so great a service, for which I assure you we are all deeply grateful."

"It was the happiest event of my life, believe me, Miss Willby, and may it serve as a beacon light to the road of peace and happiness."

After Mrs. Irving entered, and had warmly expressed her gratitude, to which he modestly declined all claim, the event led to the relating of similar adventures and escapes in his own life. Gradually both Marian and her aunt became so interested in the elegance and ease of his conversation and manners, that long ere he rose to depart, they had forgotten the fact, that two hours before he was an utter stranger to them. Just as he was about taking leave, Mr. Irving entered the drawing-room. He was apprised of their morning's adventure, but knew nothing of the afternoon's sequel. When, therefore, Mr. McGregor was introduced to him, as the preserver of his darling child, he expressed the deepest gratitude, and cordially invited him to repeat his visit, which the gentleman gladly gave his promise to do.

Week after week glided away, and still Ernest McGregor lingered. He seemed to have entirely forgotten his purpose of returning South. Scarcely a day passed which saw him not seated upon a velvet lounge in Mrs. Irving's elegant drawing-room, sometimes entertaining Marian and her aunt with stories of his travels, glowing descriptions of the curiosities and wonders of the great world, to which Marian listened with an interest scarcely less intense than thrilled the heart of Desdemona. Sometimes he brought a book of poetry, or some wild Scottish legend, to read to them, and then the deep, rich tones of his manly voice had a dangerous fascination for Marian's ear.

"McGregor is a Scottish name," said she one evening, after he had finished reading a thrilling legend of Lochin Y. Gair. "Were your ancestors from Scotland?"

"Yes, they belong to the clan of McGregor;

'And there my young footsteps in infancy wandered,
My cap was the bonnet—my cloak was the plaid.'

Yes, Scotia is my home, though it is many years since I wandered over her wild craggy cliffs, and through her classic halls, I love her still; and there I hope to spend the evening of my days."

To all her questions of the many ruins of historic and tragic interest in that land of romance, he could give truthful and glowing descriptions.

Meanwhile Mr. Irving, observing the growing interest which Marian manifested in their fascinating visitor, had mentioned his name incidentally to an intimate friend residing in Charleston, and made some inquiries concerning him, to which he received in reply, that the McGregors were among the highest families in the State—that Ernest was everything that was noble, and moreover the heir expectant to an immense fortune in Scotland. This knowledge he resolved to impart to no one, unless Ernest McGregor should sue for the hand of his niece.

Quite early one morning not many days after, Ernest called to see Miss Willby. He had received letters from Charleston, requesting his immediate return thither. "But, Miss Willby," said he, "I could not go without saying the words which for weeks have trembled on my lips, but which I have not dared to utter. Marian, do you love me? Will you go with me to my home in the sunny South?"

"I can answer your first question," said she, after a moment's silence, blushing deeply; "but for the last, I must have time to consider."

"Then I will not ask you to decide that now. My dearest Marian, you have made me very, very happy."

The next morning Ernest departed, bearing with him all the wealth of her young, trusting heart, and her plighted troth. We will pass over the few intervening months ere he returned to claim his bride.

At the close of a warm sultry day in the early autumn, just as the fervid rays had departed, and the deliciously cool breeze sprung up, laden with the odor of a thousand flowers which the fallen dew had freshened into life, a travelling carriage emerged from the city and entered the avenue leading to the delightful suburbs which border the city of Charleston on the western side. On either side of the way, the tall ornamental trees of palm and pine formed a delightful shade, while beyond, the fragrant orange groves and the flowering shrubs of every brilliant hue presented to our travellers a scene of almost fairy enchantment. There was a soft golden haze from the lingering sunbeams in the western sky, which rendered every feature of the landscape as distinctly defined as if it had been spread for the painter's eye.

"Here is our home, my love," said Ernest, as they entered the wide carriage path leading to an elegant mansion which stood upon a gentle eminence at some distance from the road. It was a spacious building, surrounded by an open piazza, and shaded by hanging vines and trees, while the ground descended in regular terraces on every side.

"Ah, massa Ernest, God bless you and the young missis," said an old white-haired negro, helping them to descend from the carriage, while a troop of grinning boys were busily unstrapping the trunks, and noisily tugging them into the house.

"Well, Rosa, where is your mistress?"

"This way, massa;—bless her sweet face," said she, her eye following Marian as she entered the parlor, where by the long, open window an elderly lady was sitting in a large arm-chair. She was clad in a rich brocade dress, her silvery hair was put smoothly back from an open brow that had once been white as alabaster. A young lady most elaborately dressed, was leaning listlessly upon the lattice, playing with the long tendrils as the soft breeze wafted them against her cheek.

"Ah, Ernest, my son, you are here at last," said his mother.

"Yes, mother, permit me to present to you another daughter; and you, Alice, a sister."

Marian, kissing the cheek of her mother, bowed her head for her blessing.

"God bless you, my child," said she, "you are very lovely, to be sure."

Alice presented the tips of her jewelled fingers, while her eyes rested upon Marian's long, golden curls, with ill concealed envy.

"Then you are really married, Ernest," said she, "and we scarcely knew it—how strange."

"Strange, indeed," continued her mother, "never before did a McGregor form an alliance with so little ceremony."

The next morning Ernest was obliged to be absent in the city. After he had gone, Mrs. McGregor asked Marian to come and sit by her, and tell her about herself and family. Marian complied, though she knew the knowledge of her unpretending parentage and life would in their prejudiced minds sink her below the station she had assumed. After an hour of cross questioning from Alice and her mother, the latter inquired what was the amount of her dowry.

"Nothing," she replied; "my father considered it his duty to spend his salary in acts of charity, and left me nothing;" upon which her mother and Alice raised their hands in astonishment. Marian, unable longer to endure the torture to which she was subjected fled to her room, and burying her face in the pillow, wept until Ernest returned. When he learned the cause of her tears, he besought her to overlook the peculiar prejudices of his mother. "She is kind hearted," said he, "and will very soon become warmly attached to you."

Months rolled by, and still Marian felt she was looked upon as a presumptuous intruder by the mother and sister; frequently neglected or treated with utmost coolness when visitors came to the house in her husband's absence. An event now occurred which promised to increase her unhappiness. Her husband had received letters from Scotland requiring his immediate departure to that place.

Ernest was but twelve years old when his father came to this country for a temporary residence, leaving all his possessions in the care of a younger brother. Dying soon after, the brother had retained the property, only sending remittances since Ernest had become of age. This uncle was now dead, and Ernest, as the next male descendant, was heir. Such was the law in Scotland, that property could be inherited only by male descendants; therefore, in the event of Ernest's death, all his wealth would pass to the next heir.

Some four months had passed since Ernest's departure, and Marian was beginning to look anxiously for letters. Her position in the family was becoming more and more unpleasant since he left. One morning she and her mother were called into the parlor to see a gentleman from the city on matters of business. He had come to apprise them of the failure of the firm with which her husband was connected. A very heavy failure, that would sweep away all belonging to each member. This beautiful home, their home with everything else, was already in the hands of creditors.

The same day brought letters from Ernest, saying that having concluded the arrangement of his business, he had taken passage in the Columbia and was to sail in a few days for home, which he hoped to reach in six or eight weeks.

Eight weeks had passed; nine, ten, and still Ernest did not come. Marian waited with a nameless fear chilling her heart. One morning she was sent for to go into the parlor. Her mother was already there, conversing with the same gentleman who had before brought ill tidings to them. But now he had spoken words which had in one moment blanched the face of the mother and stricken Marian to the floor as if with sudden death. The Columbia was wrecked, and all save one, who had lashed himself to the wreck, were washed overboard and lost; and that one was not Ernest. These tidings were brought by the captain of a vessel that had passed the wreck, and rescued the only survivor.

There is a power in great sorrow to subdue the pride of man, and waken into action all the tenderest sympathies of his nature. And now the bereaved mother clasped the unconscious form of Marian in her arms, and wept bitter tears over her. When at length she awoke to all the depth of their great sorrow, they stood side by side and looked into the dark future. They were penniless. Even now they remained in their beautiful home only through the leniency of the rightful owner. Alice, all unused to care or self-reliance, was helpless as an infant, and sorrow soon prostrated the mother on a bed of sickness. Marian was her comforter. To her they both looked for guidance and support. Sooner than they expected, word came that they must leave their house. The servants were all taken away, with the exception of Rose, whom Ernest had given to Marian soon after their marriage to dispose of as she pleased. Marian had at once given her her freedom, of which Rose now possessed the proof. In Rose's care she left her mother while she went alone to the city.

Her first thought was to seek advice from their venerable pastor. He was a kind, benevolent old man. When he learned that she was the daughter of a New England clergyman, and wished employment in teaching music or a day school, he at once became deeply interested for her and promised her efficient aid. Ere a week had passed, he had obtained a sufficient number of young ladies to encourage her in opening a school. A pleasant, airy hall was obtained in the vicinity of her home, and fitted up. As soon as she had become established in school, and felt confident in her ability to defray the expense, she obtained a lease of their house. Their minds, now no longer diverted by immediate pecuniary difficulties, dwelt constantly on their loss. Alice, divested of all the consequence of wealth and station, with no resources in herself, gave up to peevish repinings; and but for the tender nursing and encouraging words of Marian, she would have sunk under this accumulation of trouble. Every moment when not engaged in her duties at school, Marian passed by the bedside of her mother.

But such unceasing care and watchfulness added to her own deep sorrow, after a few months, began to tell upon Marian. She had lost the rich bloom, the light step, and the bright smile of happier days; and still the pale face, the feeble voice of her mother nerved her to persevere. Still, through her dark despair there glimmered a faint ray of hope that Ernest was not lost.

"Ah, Marian," said her mother one evening, after many months had passed of suffering and dependence to herself, and of cheerful, patient endurance to Marian, "what a lesson your devotion teaches me. How vain and insufficient is the pride of wealth and name, compared with the noble living virtues which I have found in you. Can you forgive your mother for her cruel coldness and neglect?"

"My dear mother," said Marian, kneeling by her side, "I reproach nothing but that you love me now."

"O, Marian, if I could have told my Ernest what an angel he possessed in you—"

"He knew it—he knew it—my mother!—my angel wife!" said a deep toned voice beside them, and Marian was clasped in her husband's arms.

Ernest had indeed returned. He had been rescued by a vessel bound to the East Indies; and had been compelled to make nearly the entire voyage before meeting with one homeward bound. But now he had come, all their trials were ended. When he learned how nobly Marian had sustained them, and with what devotion she had repaid their coldness and neglect, he pressed her to his heart with an almost idolatrous love.

Their mother never rose from her bed of sickness, but gradually faded away and died in a few months after Ernest's return. One bright morning, a few years subsequent, a gay party were assembled on board one of our noble steamers bound for England. It consisted of Ernest and Marian, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Irving, Edward with his collegiate laurels still fresh upon him, and Lilly, now a beautiful girl just budding into womanhood; and lastly, uncle Charles looking proudly on his new made bride.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Though the bright light of hope may find
An entrance in the breast,
And point us to futurity,
And smile our fears to rest;
Yet even the pure smiles of hope
In clouds are sometimes cast;
They cannot pierce the sombre veil—
The memory of the past.

It haunts the heart like spectres grim,
It wells the light of day;
It stamps dark furrows on the brow,
And makes the soul its prey;
It is the worm that dieth not—
It gnaweth to the last;
And none a greater curse can know,
Than the memory of the past.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LETTER AND THE REPLY.

BY N. T. MUNROE.

"See what a mere apology for a letter!" said Mrs. Lewis, holding up a letter she had just received from her husband; "not a word more than is actually necessary, as if the writing at all was a task the sooner rid of the better."

"Yes, that is just it," replied her friend, Mrs. Stuart, to whom she was now on a visit, "just my husband's letters exactly. Before we were married, the letters covered two full sheets of large-sized letter paper; now alas! what a falling off—a small-sized sheet is torn in halves, a few lines scribbled somewhat after this fashion:

"My dear wife:—I shall not be able to return home before next week on account of business. I hope you are well, and all the children. I am doing first rate—went out sailing yesterday.

"Yours truly."

"Now isn't it provoking?" said Mrs. Lewis, laughing at her friend's remarks; "but I will write him as good as he sends. Didn't I send him a good long letter, telling him everything I could think of which I thought would interest him, and now see what I have in return, not even a small sheet filled, and the words sprawled out as if to make the most of them."

"That's right, Susy, write a very ceremonious letter, beginning with, 'Dear sir,' saying you are enjoying yourself very much, and think you will not return at present; sign it, 'Yours respectfully—Susan Lewis.'"

"That would be capital, and I am going to do it. I doubt not he is enjoying himself so much that he cannot find time to write to me. 'Out of sight, out of mind.' Surely these men are careless, heedless beings."

"Ah, they little think of our anxious moments and weary hours," rejoined Mrs. Stuart, in a sentimental tone.

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Lewis, looking at the letter again and pouting her pretty lip. "Business eternally—just as if it would have taken him much longer to fill the paper, and tell me what he was doing and many other things I wish so much to know."

"He might at least," said Mrs. Stuart, who seemed to delight in making the matter as bad as she could, "he might have told how he missed you and longed for your return; might have been a little more lover-like, might he not?"

"Just so, ah! the difference between a lover and a husband."

"A world of difference surely. Heigho, and most admirably portrayed by letters. Now a lover's letters are things to be treasured up, and thought of, and kept sacred from prying eyes, but a husband's, at least, my husband's, contain nothing, to repay the trouble of filing them away; and should curious eyes read them, they'd learn nothing but his whereabouts, perhaps, the state of his health, and the probability of his return home."

"I am determined," said Mrs. Lewis, "to write him a letter showing him I can be as cool and as brief as he can be. It will be a capital joke. 'Dear sir!' what will he think has come over me? and when he looks at the signature, 'Yours respectfully,' ha, ha!"

So the two friends laughed merrily over the letter that was to be, and then turned the conversation to other subjects.

Mr. Lewis sat in his room before a table filled with papers. Care and anxiety were on his countenance, and he often pressed his hand to his forehead as if in pain.

The door opened, and one of his business friends entered.

"Well, how do you get along, Lewis?"

"Badly enough," said he, gloomily.

"The case is worse than you thought at first?"

"No worse than I feared it might be, though still I hoped it might not be so bad."

"Who would have thought Stafford would have served you such a trick?"

"Ah, we know not with whom we are safe. I have seen the time I would have trusted him with untold sums, and now what is he?"

"But shall you be able to go on with your business?"

"I hope to be able to do so, if my creditors will be willing to wait. I will give them my word that they shall be paid, as indeed they shall be, though I should be obliged to work day and night to do it. However, I am glad for one thing, my wife is not here just now, and will not know of this unhappy affair till it is all sealed."

"Still her presence and sympathy might be a comfort to you; you are looking like the shadow of yourself. I should say she is the very person you need."

"But Susy is nervous and excitable, and I fear this affair might prove an injury to her. I wrote to her but the other day, and I suppose she thought the letter cold and hurried, but I felt very miserable, I dared not write what was in my mind, and I could think of nothing else."

A servant entered and gave him a letter.

"My wife's handwriting," said he, as he opened it. He read it in a very few moments, for it was very short. Ah! little thought the writer, as in sport she penned that letter, that so sad a face would bend over it, or that those cold, strange words would fall upon such a weary heart.

"What can it mean?" said Herbert Lewis to himself. "How unlike Susy is this letter. I don't understand it."

His friend seeing that something in the letter troubled him, and having too much delicacy to inquire the cause, soon withdrew.

"She says she is enjoying herself, that she has no wish to return, and indeed shall not at present. She seems very cold and strange, quite unlike herself. I cannot at all understand it."

Now there came up to Mr. Lewis's mind the thought, that insanity was hereditary in his wife's family. He was himself nervous just then; having slept but very little for three or four nights, and taken scarcely any food, he was in precisely the state to let such an idea possess him. Yes, his wife was certainly insane; she was of a nervous temperament, something had occurred of an exciting nature, and she had lost or was losing her reason. His gentle, affectionate wife would never have written him such a strange, cold letter, had she been in her right mind. The thought was dreadful to him. What cared he now for the loss of his property, the treachery of his partner! All former griefs were lost in this last overwhelming affliction.

His wife insane! And he had been thinking that day how he wished she would return, for he longed to lay his weary head upon her bosom and tell her all his trouble, he wished her sympathy, her gentle presence and the touch of her cool hand on his burning forehead. And now how could he bear this? The awful idea, vague and uncertain as it at first seemed, the longer it was thought of appeared more probable, till in his weak state it grew to a certainty; and if any one had asked him that moment concerning his wife, there is no doubt but he would, with tears in his eyes, have informed them of her insanity.

What should he do? He could not go to her at present, and perhaps even if he could, it would not be advisable; he would write to her, taking no notice of her strange letter, and he would also write to her friend, to inquire if she had noticed anything strange in Susy's appearance. No, on second thoughts he would not write to her friend, but he would send his friend, Mr. Jones, whom Susy had never seen, to ascertain personally how she was, and to let him know.

So the next day he spoke to his friend upon the subject, telling him his fears; and his manner was so confident and impressive, that he had not a doubt of the lady's insanity, and promised to do all he wished, to make an excuse to stay two or three days or a week in the town, and to call at Mrs. Stuart's as often as he could.

Mrs. Stuart and her visitor sat in the drawing-room chatting merrily.

"When do you expect to hear from your husband, Susy?"

"I can't say, perhaps he'll be offended and not write at all. Do you know I almost repented writing that letter? Perhaps now he'll feel badly about it."

"O, don't you believe it, it may perhaps excite his curiosity, or he may perhaps write a more agreeable letter the next time, thinking that you were a little offended at his cold epistle."

"I am afraid it was more of a punishment to myself than to him, for I had many things I wanted to tell him which have been troubling me ever since. But I would have liked just to have seen his face when he read 'Dear sir—Respectfully yours—Susan Lewis.'"

And both the ladies laughed. While they were in the midst of their merriment, Mr. Jones was announced. He bowed to both of the ladies, then turning to Mrs. Lewis said: "I am the bearer of a letter from your husband, he wished me to call upon you, and inquire personally concerning your health."

"Had he any particular anxiety in that respect?" said she archly, and glancing meaningly towards her friend.

"O, I don't know," said Mr. Jones, fearful that he might commit himself, "I don't know that he had; he did not say—he merely wished I should call, as I should be in town some days, and as I came directly from your place of residence, he said," and he bowed very politely, "that a call would without doubt be agreeable to you."

Mrs. Lewis returned the bow as in duty bound, and said she was very much obliged to him for his attention. She then opened the letter, and as she was reading, Mr. Jones watched her narrowly. She did not appear like an insane person certainly; and if left to himself the idea would never have entered his head. After reading the letter, she turned to her friend, and said rather pettishly:

"It is about the same as ever, but little improvement as I see," and she tossed the poor, offending message into her work basket.

Don't be too sure, Mr. Jones, of the fair one's sanity. What could the remark, the action, and also the glance towards her friend, what could they all mean?

"Have you seen Mr. Lewis lately?" said Mrs. Stuart, who saw that Mrs. Lewis was not inclined to talk, and who felt that some one ought to speak.

"Yes, I saw him the day that I left."

"Was he well?"

"I thought him not looking so well as usual." Mrs. Lewis made a quick, nervous motion of her head. "He has been more than usually engaged in business of late."

Mrs. Stuart asked a few more questions, and a short, and rather forced conversation ensued, in which Mrs. Lewis took no part, but sat perfectly silent and still, saving a quick, nervous motion of her foot upon the carpet.

"She behaves strangely," thought Mr. Jones, and he began to feel more and more sorry for his friend. He now rose to take leave, and Mrs. Stuart, seeing that her friend was determined not to be agreeable, attended Mr. Jones to the door, and politely requested him to call again.

"Carrie," said Mrs. Lewis, when he had gone, "why did you ask him to come again?"

"Why, Susy, common politeness required me to do that."

"I don't care for common politeness," said she, the quick tears coming to her eyes.

"Why, what ails you, Susy? what was there in the letter to affect you thus?"

"There's not much in the letter," said she, "that is certain; but I can see through it all. Herbert is jealous or something of the kind, and has sent this Mr. Jones as a spy upon me."

"O, nonsense, Susy, that is your imagination."

"It is a fact, Carrie. I wish I hadn't written that foolish letter."

"Don't feel so badly about it; what if he is a little jealous? it but shows that the case is hopeful. I should like it all the better, but really I see no reason why you should spite poor Mr. Jones in such a manner?"

"It is not what Herbert says directly in the letter, but I can see, for he is of such an open nature it is impossible for him to keep things to himself; and I can see that he is ill at ease about something, and something which concerns me! and I know that he wishes Mr. Jones to call here as a spy upon my actions. Now I don't like to be watched like a child, or as if I wasn't capable of taking care of myself. Now do you wonder that I did not treat the gentleman very politely?"

"If I were you, I should be tempted to get up a little flirtation with him, just for the sport of the thing."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea, but I have no heart to carry it on."

That evening Mr. Jones wrote to his friend, that he had visited Mrs. Lewis. At first he saw nothing to warrant his fears, but after a little while a few words she let fall, and the strange manner she received his letter, led him to think she might not be just right; still a person wholly unsuspicious would see nothing wrong. He would call again to-morrow.

He did call the next day. The ladies had company, and Mrs. Lewis was the gayest of all. Mr. Jones could but admire her. Then she had rather an excited look about her eyes, and her quick and rapid motions betrayed her nervousness. She treated him more politely than she had done the day before, urged him to stay when she found he was going, and asked him to call again.

The report that evening was that Mrs. Lewis was not a hopeless case, she seemed excited and nervous, nothing more.

The next day Mr. Jones called again and found Mrs. Lewis alone. Away from company and excitement she seemed quiet, although with a little constraint in her manner. She did not converse easily at first, but as the conversation turned from commonplace topics to literature and poetry, he noticed that she grew animated, and the old excitement came to her eyes. Mr. Jones was very agreeable, a lover of poetry and painting, and indeed a good talker on most any subject, and they became engaged in a very pleasant conversation.

He saw that the subjects upon which they were conversing excited her, and he should have avoided them, but he was interested and admired the enthusiasm of her manner, and thought if she was insane, she was a splendid specimen of insanity.

So matters went on, and in the meantime poor Mr. Lewis wearied with anxiety, and worried with business, wore himself into a fever. He made out to write to his friend, telling him not to inform his wife of his illness lest it might make her worse.

Mrs. Lewis wondered that she received no letters from her husband, and attributing it all to poor Mr. Jones, grew cold and distant to him. He felt pained and distressed, though he looked upon the change in her manner as a symptom of her disordered mind.

One day when he met her alone he asked the cause of her treating him so coldly. She was silent. He pressed the question. She answered by abruptly asking him why she had had no news from her husband. He started at the suddenness of the question. She repeated it, and asked at the same time if he had had no letters. He hesitated. She saw her advantage and enjoyed it.

"I understand you, Mr. Jones; it is as I suspected at first."

"Mrs. Lewis, I pray you be calm, do not get so excited."

She laughed aloud. "I am not at all excited, I am perfectly calm, but I see your motive in coming here, and I saw it at first. My husband sent you."

He could not deny it. He put his hand upon her arm, and speaking soothingly again bade her be calm.

She was vexed at his manner, and flung his hand from her.

"What motive he had in sending you I cannot discern, but whatever it was, I have a right to know and must know. Can you tell me, sir?"

Her bright eyes grew brighter as she looked at him. Poor Mr. Jones expected every moment she would go into wild ravings, but she stood there silently waiting his answer.

"Whatever his motive may have been, madam, he assured it was for your good."

"For my good?" said she, scornfully. "Did he think me incapable of taking care of myself, or did he think I was not to be trusted?" And her bright eyes grew moist and liquid in their anger. Mr. Jones wished himself miles away, but he stammered out:

"Be assured he did not distrust you, he only wanted to know—exactly as one seeing you could know—and as he could not come himself on account of pressing business, he sent me."

And here he stopped, for Mrs. Lewis's face was perfectly startling in its scorn and anger. At length she spoke, and her voice was low, but full of passion.

"Wished to know exactly—could not come himself—and so he sent you—a fine mission truly. Business indeed! everything before his wife, even though he feared all was not right."

"Yes, madam," said he, catching at the words, "he feared all was not right."

She brushed away the tears which had been gathering in her eyes, and stood up proud and erect before him.

"He feared it, did he? well it is time then I were at home to prove to him that I am not the miserable being he is so cruel as to think me."

And she turned and swept from the room with the air of a queen.

Mr. Jones stood looking after her. "Well, I don't know what will happen now, but she has worked herself into a perfect passion."

The next morning when Mr. Jones with many misgivings called to see Mrs. Lewis, he was told that she started for home the night before.

"Did she go alone?" he inquired.

"She did."

"Was it safe?"

"Why not? She came alone."

"But was she well? I noticed yesterday that she was not so well as usual."

"I saw nothing particular the matter. Her going home was rather sudden to be sure, but she had not heard from her husband for some time, and was rather uneasy concerning him."

Mr. Jones went to his hotel, packed his trunk, and took the next train for home.

"Is Mr. Lewis at home?" inquired Mrs. Lewis of the servant who opened the door for her.

"Sure, I'm glad you are come, marm, for master is very sick."

"Sick," said she, "and why was I not sent for?"

"I can't tell, marm, we wanted you bad enough, but master would not have you sent for, he said it would only worry and excite you."

"'Tis very strange," thought she to herself as she hurried up stairs. The anger which was in her heart when she started for home, all died away at the first news of her husband's illness, and when she went into his room and found him there so pale and sick and feeble, she went up to him, and kissing him affectionately said:

"Herbert, why did you not send for me?"

With his weak hands he lifted her face from his bosom, and gazing at her very fixedly said:

"My poor Susy."

"She looked bewildered. "What do you mean, Herbert?"

"How do you feel, my dear?"

"Perfectly well," said she. "Don't I look well? But how you must have suffered! only to think of your lying here so sick, and I away. Why did you not send for me?"

"I feared you were not well. Have you been perfectly well since you have been gone?"

She looked amazed. "What could have led you to think otherwise?"

He was silent; she did not like to urge the question, though wondering what all this anxiety concerning her health could mean. He lay for a while gazing at her with a wistful, inquiring look, and at last he spoke:

"Susy, why did you write me that letter?"

"Why just for sport, I was sorry afterwards. It was naughty, wasn't it? But I was a little vexed because your letter was so short and hurried, and thought I would repay you in this way. But what did you think?"

"I was very unhappy."

She bowed her head upon his hands and said humbly, "I ask your forgiveness, Herbert."

"You did not mean to make me unhappy it is true; but just then I was worried and perplexed with business, which I must speak of by and-by. I had not slept for some nights, and was very nervous and imagined dreadful things. Susy, I thought you must be crazy to write me a letter like that, and I was very miserable. To satisfy myself, I sent my friend to ascertain the truth."

"Well, did he not tell you to the contrary?"

"He said you were nervous and excited, but that one unsuspicious of the case would not guess your insanity. Then I was taken sick and wrote to him not to let you know of it, as it might make you worse."

"That explains then, Mr. Jones's hesitation, and singular behaviour. I judged from your letter that you suspected something, I could not think what, and had sent your friend as a spy upon me, and I felt very angry knowing my innocence of aught wrong. When I did not hear from you I grew uneasy, accused Mr. Jones of acting the spy upon me, got angry with him and left him in a towering passion, no doubt fully justifying his suspicions of my insanity. But I am so sorry, Herbert, that all this should have happened just from this foolish letter."

"But I have other things to tell you, Susy. Promise me that you will bear well what I have to say."

"I will do my best."

"It is this. My partner has gone off, taking with him a large sum of money. By the kindness of my creditors I shall be able to keep on in business; but it makes me poor for the present, and straitened in circumstances. This care and anxiety was the cause of my short and hurried letters to you, it was no lack of affection."

"And this with my hasty letter, was the cause of your sickness. How can I ever forgive myself!"

"I think however, I did wrong, Susy. I should have been more open and told you the whole trouble. I should have had your sympathy, and you would have had no cause for writing such a letter, but I did not think you would bear trouble so well."

"I never have before had the trial. I can bear a great deal for those I love."

When Mr. Jones arrived, he was quite surprised to find Mrs. Lewis in such a calm and quiet state, watching beside the sick bed of her husband. She greeted him very cordially, saying she hoped he would excuse the impetuosity of her conduct at their last meeting.

He stammered and knew not what to say, not knowing in exactly what light to look upon her. Mr. Lewis took his hand. "My poor fellow," said he, "it was all the effects of my foolish imagination. I am happy to introduce you to my wife, who is I trust, perfectly sane—"

"And," said she, interrupting him, "very sorry for the trouble she has caused her husband and her husband's friend, whom she shall in future respect, and with whom she hopes to enjoy many more agreeable conversations."

It is needless to say that Mr. Lewis's recovery was now very rapid. He found that though one partner had deserted him, he had still one left who would not fail him in the hour of need. A few years re-established him in business, and it is thought he never had cause again to doubt his wife's sanity.

"ALL ALONE, DARLING."

So said an agonized mother to her infant, that lay on her lap dying. Sadly and tenderly she gazed on its pale face. O, how thin and pale disease had made it! And when the little wasted hands would be feebly reached towards her, and the sharp pain would distort the lovely features, and the dear eyes would look up to her so imploringly, the mother's heart bled as none but a mother's heart can. It was not only the dying agonies of her child that she dreaded; after a few more hours of suffering, a few more struggles for breath, a few more looks of love and pain, its eyes would see her no more. It would pass away from her sight. The timid babe must go from all that it knew, all that it had seen, into a world where all would be strangers.

"All alone, darling; you must go *all alone*." That was the bitter thought to that tender mother. But that was the voice of nature. Soon faith whispered, "He who prepared your heart to welcome the little one so loving when it came a stranger into this world, cannot but endow some fair and gentle spirit with love and skill to meet the little stranger as it enters that world, to embrace it tenderly, and gently introduce it to the happy scenes of its new existence!

"Your Saviour is there; he who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' You have trusted his grace for your child's redemption, can you not trust your child in his care?" He shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom. Your little one will be safe in that bosom, and 'quiet from fear of evil;' more safe, more quiet, more happy than in your own." Faith allayed the anxiety, and soothed the anguish of nature. The weeping mother *believed* and was comforted.—*American Messenger.*

A BEAUTIFUL INSCRIPTION.

In Trinity church-yard, there is an inscription on a tomb, so singularly and affectingly beautiful, we cannot forbear to record it, and the emotions it awakened in the bosom of a stranger. It is an oblong pile of masonry surmounted by a slab stone, on which are deeply cut the following words:

"MY MOTHER!

The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise."

There are no other letters or characters to be found on the slab or pile. If there is one inscription in the thousand languages, that are, or have been, of earth, fitted to retain its sublime meaning through every period of time up to the resurrection morning, it is this. The writer seemed aware that names would be forgotten, and titles fade from the memory of the world. He, therefore, engraved the name by which he first knew her who gave him birth, on the stone—and the dearest of all names, that of MOTHER, shall sound a thrill through the heart of every one who may ever lean over this monumental pile. If any shall wish to know further of her, who had a child to engrave her most endearing name upon a rock, he is sublimely referred to the sounding of the trumpet and the rising of the dead, when he may know all.—*New York Mirror.*

USE MINUTES.

If asked, says Channing, how can the laboring man find time for self culture? I answer, that an earnest purpose finds time or makes time. It seizes on spare moments, and turns fragments to golden account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and uses his earnings economically, will always have some portion of the day at command. It has often been observed that those who have the most time at their disposal profit by it the least.

News Glances.

A formidable Work.—An immense unpublished MS. of Rev. Dr. Mather, the eccentric Puritan divine, embodying his "Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures," is stored in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where it is shown in six volumes folio, of rough-edged, whity-brown foolscap, written in the author's round, exact hand, in double columns; its magnitude and forgotten theology bidding defiance to the enterprise of editors and publishers.

Census of New York State.—The official returns of fifty four counties in New York, and estimated returns from six others, give a total population in New York State, at the present time, of about 3,382,146 souls. This is an increase of only 245,105 for five years; and of this New York city has received 108,634, and the other cities of the State from 50,000 to 75,000.

New Steamer.—The steamship Adriatic, now being built for the Collins line of steamers, will be, when completed, the largest and most magnificent vessel afloat. She will measure five thousand six hundred tons; her length will be three hundred and forty five feet on the broad line; depth of hold, thirty-three feet; breadth of beam, fifty feet.

Ample Room.—The largest reading-room in the world is now nearly completed in the British Museum. It is circular, 140 feet in diameter, and 106 in height. The tables will accommodate nearly four hundred readers. The wrought iron book cases will contain 102,000 volumes. The cost of the room will be about $500,000.

The Pen.—Some idea of the extent of the manufacture of steel pens will be formed from the statement that nearly one hundred and fifty tons of steel are annually employed for this purpose, producing upwards of two hundred and fifty millions of pens.

Seamen.—At New York, after a long interval, capable seamen are becoming scarce, so that vessels are occasionally detained in making up their crews. This is in consequence of the increased demand for ships in the carrying trade.

Fatal Folly.—In New Haven, an Irishman, named Eagan, "died as the fool dieth," in consequence of drinking a quart of spirits, on a wager. Men who will be guilty of such folly, *ought* to die.

Church Choirs.—Several of our Boston churches pay from $1500 to $2000 a year for their music, and many other parishes appropriate from $1000 to $1500 for the same purpose.

Great Sale.—Five hundred thousand pounds of wool were recently sold in Troy, N. Y., by Hebrington & Watson, to an Eastern merchant, for $200,000.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2.00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

⁂ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, BOSTON, MASS., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

We give the opening chapters of a new and deeply interesting Novelette, by our old popular contributor, STEPHEN CORE, JR., entitled, "The Maniac's Secret: or, The Privateer of Massachusetts Bay." A Story of the Revolution.

"Guardian Spirits." verses by J. HUNT, JR.
"Mr. Snicker's Misadventure," a humorous sketch by JOHN THORNBERRY.
"My Old Hat's Story," lines by JOHN K. THOMAS.
"The Banished Sailor," a story by AUSTIN C. BURDICK.
"Green Lake," verses by FAITH ELY, JR.
"A Fish Story," by SALMON FINN FRY.
"The Triumph of Love," a tale by MARY MAYNARD.
"Fancy," lines by MERVIN DEMON.
"Money—its Ups and Downs," a story by S. W. BARTLETT.
"Leonore," poem by Mrs. SARAH E. DAWES.
"Trust when the Shadows come," SUZANNE by ESTHER B. STRATTON.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"The Ocean." "Snow, Rain, Hail," "The Irish Bogtrotter." "Withered Leaves." "The Death of a Christian." "Woodland Ramble." "The Alchemist's Helmet," and "No such thing as Love."

WANTED—A SUBJECT.

How many a writer, with a head full of general information, with no lack of humor, wit and eloquence, with a determination to immortalize himself, has been arrested on the threshold of his effort by the want of a theme! In vain he gazes moonstruck on the ceiling—in vain plunges the steel into the bottom of his inkstand, as if he would "pluck up drowned *subjects* by the locks;" for though he may "*call* spirits from the vasty deep," they will not answer him. Yet but the key-note, the word, the idea suggest itself, and his faculties flow forth in their bright play, like a stream when the dam has been removed. The want of a subject is a frequent complaint of professional scribes, and yet wits, starving without any solid foundation, or writing on the absurdest themes, have been generally most successful. Rochester's happiest poem is "On Nothing," and nothing can very well be better. Jules Janin's "Dead Donkey" is one of his most felicious works.

Alexander Selkirk, on his desolate island, was "monarch of all he surveyed;" but he had no *subjects*. Many a poor penny-a liner has been in the same predicament. To the Grubstreet scribbler, who is paid by the job, the want of a subject is a direful calamity; it is bread out of his mouth. And here let us relate an actual adventure that chanced to one of the scribbling fraternity, and let us call the hero Gabriel Crowquill, best, perhaps, would he be living, his feelings might be grievously wounded at the recital.

Gabriel was a ready writer when his subject was furnished him, but was very slow to originate themes. He made no secret of this deficiency, and once, in the public room of a hotel, declared to a group of his brethren of the quill, that he would give fifteen dollars for a "good fresh subject." The offer created a laugh, and soon passed from the memory of his immediate auditors, though one man, a stranger, dressed in rusty black, and smoking a cheroot, was wonderfully struck by it.

That night, as Gabriel Crowquill was seated with a blank look before a blank quire of paper, gnawing the feather of an inkless quill, there was a knock at his door.

"Come in!"

The invitation was obeyed. A grim-looking individual, in rusty black, with a red nose, and a dingy white felt hat, with a wisp of crape round it, entered, and carefully closed the door behind him.

"Honor bright?" said the doubtful visitor.

"Of course," answered Gabriel, in a very foggy way.

"You're in want of a subject?"

"Terribly."

"And you offered fifteen dollars for one this morning?"

"I did," said the desperate editor.

"Make it twenty."

"I will."

"It's a bargain," said the red-nosed man. "Where will you have it?"

"Here."

"When?"

"Now."

"All right, squire," said the man; "I'll be back in five minutes. You've got a bargain. The medical college would give me twenty-five."

"Stay!" cried the author, a sudden light flashing on his mind; "what's your business?"

"Body snatching!" answered the professional, in a hoarse whisper. "I've got *sich* a prime *subject!*"

"Avaunt!" shouted the author. "Thy bones are marrowless!"

"Aint you a doctor?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Don't you cut folks up?"

"Yes; but only in the newspapers; figuratively—not phytically."

"It's all a mistake, then. But you wouldn't betray an honest fellow that has a family to support?" said the ghoul, with a piteous whine.

"No, no!—only begone. I'm busy."

The spectre vanished.

"Eureka!" shouted the scribe, as he dashed his pen into the ink. "I have found a subject!" And forthwith he produced that brilliant essay on "Violations of the Grave," which made such a tremendous sensation in the columns of the "Columbian Globe," ten years ago, and won for Gabriel the applause of the public, and the hatred of the surgeons.

MUSIC.—Mademoiselle Teresa Parodi, and Strakosch, the pianist, assisted by Madame Strakosch and Signor Leonardi, were eminently successful in their late concerts in this city.

ORIGIN OF THE FAN.

A Chinese legend relates that the beautiful Kenzi, daughter of a mandarin, during the Feast of the Lanterns, finding herself overcome by the heat, took off her mask, and while protecting her face, agitated it in such a way as to precipitate the undulations of the air. The ladies were so struck by the grace of this proceeding that many of them dropped their masks and imitated the bewitching Kenzi. We suppose this account of the origin of the fan is about as authentic as Charles Lamb's story of the discovery of the delicacy of roast pork by the Chinese. But the fan is undoubtedly of great antiquity. Its use was allied to the religious practices of the ancient Egyptians. Euripides, Longinus, Lucian, and many other Greek and Latin authors, make mention of the fan. We even see it represented on some of the old Etruscan vases. It is difficult to tell at what period the fan was introduced into the west of Europe. The Crusaders, on their return from Palestine, introduced it extensively among the French ladies. In the commencement of the sixteenth century it became general in Europe. The materials employed in the manufacture were commonly gold, silver, ivory, ostrich and peacock feathers.

The fan makers of Paris formed a distinct corporation before the time of Louis XIV., in whose reign the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove many fan-makers to Great Britain. Paris is now the great centre of the business, and French fans are exported in large quantities to Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, the Antilles, Rio, St. Thomas, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Porto Rico, Havana, Constantinople, the East Indies, Smyrna, Persia, and Spain. But if the French make the finest fans in the world, it requires Spanish ladies to use them as no others can do. In the fair hands of a belle of Madrid or Havana, the fan becomes eloquent—as eloquent as the bright eyes that give emphasis to its language, or the coral lips that murmur the most musical of tongues. The fan can be made to express encouragement, aversion, love, hate, and all the nicer shades of sentiment. A Spanish coquette would be completely disarmed if she lost her fan. No wonder that the French manufacturers do a great business.

WAR DATES.

The following dates of the various operations in the Crimea will be found worthy of preservation:

Sept. 4, 1854...Embarkation of the French army (25,000 men) and the Turkish army (8000 men) at Varna.

Sept. 9...The fleet carrying the British army (25,000 men) joins the Turko French fleet at the Isle of Serpents.

Sept. 14...Debarcation of the allied armies at Eupatoria, near the old fort. This operation is not interrupted by the Russians, and lasts six hours.

Sept. 20...Battle of the Alma.

Sept. 27...The allied army, after having crossed the Alma, the Balbec, and several other streams, reaches the heights of Balsk'ava by a flank march. The English take possession of the town, and make it the base of their operations.

Sept. 29...Reconnoissance of Sebastopol.

Oct. 9...Opening of the trench at 2100 yards from the place.

Oct. 17...Opening of the fire against the place. The combined fleets take part in it.

Oct. 25...Battle of Balaklava.

Nov. 6...Battle of Inkermann.

May 22, 1855...Taking of the cemetery.

May 24...Expedition to Sea of Azoff completely successful.

May 25...The allied army occupies the line of the Tchernaya.

June 7...Taking of the Mamelon Vert.

June 18...Unsuccessful assault on the Malakoff.

August 16...Battle of the Tchernaya.

Sept. 8...Capture of the Malakoff.

Sept. 9...The enemy evacuates the south part of the city and retires to the north.

Sebastopol was bombarded and cannonaded for 322 days.

GETTING HIGH.—The reporter of the Cincinnati Gazette being ambitious of rising rapidly in the world, went up in Mr. Godard's mammoth balloon lately. At first it was very nice; but cold, rain, thunder, and the "chills," dissipated all the poetry of the affair, and he was glad to reach terra firma again. Of course the people on the earth looked like ants, a large forest about the size of the head of a pin, etc.—as usual.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.—The interior of the hospital at Sebastopol presented such a shocking spectacle of mutilated humanity that even the surgeons in the allies shuddered as they beheld it. Merely to read the details is a trial to the strongest nerves.

CHINESE PRACTICE.—A missionary writes that the Chinese cure cholera by making a pincushion of the sufferer, pricking him under the tongue, under the nails, in the fingers and the region of the heart. Really, the remedy seems worse than the disease.

QUEER FESTIVITY.—A Scotch paper says: "Some whiskey having been procured, the 'brave armies of the Crimea' were drunk." They have been in that condition, but is it right to boast of it?

A CITY FOX CHASE.—A fox was lately hunted through the streets of Cincinnati by a party of sportsmen, and killed after a sharp run. This is a new phase of city life.

SPECULATIVE.—Sir Humphrey Davy said he had often heard of a flight of steps, but had never been able to discover whither they migrated.

TRUE.—Dress and devotion go together. "A love of a bonnet" must be seen at church.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

About 23,000 barrels of large fish have been sent to market this year from the Machinac.

Gustave Satter, the pianist, will probably be induced to devote himself to teaching here.

The Kennebec dam has been repaired as a cost of $30,000.

Niblo has imported a troupe of sixteen Spanish dancers. *Vive el Bolero!*

The freedom of a city is said to mean a free lodging in the watch house.

Two negroes have lately been lynched in Tennessee for the crime of murder.

William Carty, a boy in New York, drowned himself, instead of the cat he was trying to sink.

The salary of the chief engineer of the New York fire department is now $3000.

A splendid pair of chandeliers have been sent to the Japan emperor as a present from the U. S.

A girl of 15, worth a large property, is said to have run off from Brooklyn, N. Y., to get married.

The name of Church Street, New York, has been changed to Mercantile Street.

Madame Spurzheim, a niece of the great phrenologist, is lecturing in the provinces.

The new tenth regiment, Col. Alexander, is to be posted on the Upper Mississippi.

An effort is making to raise funds to complete the Washington Monument.

They are repairing Washington Street with iron. It greatly needed it.

Dr. Dewey's lectures on the "Education of the Human Race," caused a rush for tickets.

Dr. Parker is on his way to China, as minister. The right man in the right place.

Punch asks and answers: "What is matter? Never mind. What is mind? No matter."

Napoleon said a handsome woman was a jewel, a good one a treasure.

A Maltese protested he was an English subject because he drank and swore.

Perseverance fails nineteen times, but succeeds the twentieth. Never give up.

A poet, who wrote very strong lines, was required to furnish one to catch a shark with.

A BOLD DANCER.

It appears that an English danseuse—a Miss Thompson—has been acting with great audacity to the Austrian authorities in Hungary. We have heard of this affair before, but the correspondent of the New York Herald furnishes full and authentic particulars: "While in Pesth she made herself mistress of the 'Csardas,' the national dance of Hungary; and, wishing to pay a proper deference to the feelings of the country in which she danced, gave orders that a dress should be prepared displaying the national colors. The tailor, however (for in these regions the *modistins* are represented by men), informed her that he dare not make such a dress, as it was strictly forbidden by law. Accordingly it was decided that the green should be left out, and Miss Thompson appeared in white and red. She determined, however, not to be beaten; and upon her arrival in Temesvar she donned a green sash, which she had provided on purpose. With this she appeared in a true woman's spirit, in spite of the remonstrances of the police. On her return to Pesth, a gendarme was appointed expressly to watch her on the stage, who, after remonstrating in vain with Thompson (who protested that she did not understand German), threatened to remove her by force. As the menace would actually have been carried into effect, Miss Thompson was forced to take off her sash, but carried in its stead, to the disgust of the officials, a bouquet, whose predominant color was green, thus exhibiting to the audience their much loved national colors—white, green and red."

THE ARCTIC RELIEF EXPEDITION.

The safe return of Dr. Kane and his party to New York caused an unusual thrill of joy. They penetrated as far north as 81 degrees, where they were stopped by ice, and working their way in shore to find a passage, discovered an Indian village, where his party had gone south of. They then returned to Descos Island in Davis Straits, where they found the Kane expeditionists. It appeared that Dr. Kane pushed his vessel as far north as 81 degrees, when she was frozen in and remained all the winter, sending to the Indian village before mentioned, about eighty miles south, for provisions, which were supplied by the inhabitants.

In the spring, they abandoned the ship and made their way southward with sledges until they reached the town of Upernavik, a Danish settlement on the west coast of Greenland, from whence they were conveyed in a Danish vessel to the island of Disco, where they were found by the searching expedition.

THE EASTERN WAR.—The British must make their minds up to a good deal of fighting before the czar cries "hold, enough." Rt. Hon. Vernon Smith, a cabinet minister, lately said at a public dinner that the country must be prepared to give its money, and also fresh supplies of gallant men to carry on the fight. The war is popular throughout England.

EARLY SNOW.—As early as the 5th of last month, the citizens of St. Louis were treated to a snow storm, which lasted several hours. This, however, is no indication of a hard winter. Some of the mildest winters we remember were ushered in by early snow storms.

UNCLE SAM.—Our respected uncle's money-box is full to overflowing. He has a couple of scores of millions of loose change. Don't little Vic. and the Emperor Nap. wish they had it? Of course not.

COCHINEAL.—The cochineal insect, from which a beautiful scarlet dye is obtained, is imported into Great Britain to the extent of 1000 tons annually, valued at £140,000.

PEARL BUTTONS.—Great Britain imports 1000 tons of pearl shells, the whole of which are manufactured into buttons and studs.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Viborg," an interesting descriptive sketch of historical value, by ANNE T. WILKES.
"Growing Old," a poem by F. GREYETTE.
"The Long Night," a sea story by FREDERICK WARD SAYBOLT.
"Love thy Mother," verses by ADLAIS FORASTER.
"St. Crispin's Victim," a humorous sketch by the Old Un.
"Music," a poem by RICHARD WRIGHT.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Representation of the famous Suspension Bridge over the Niagara River, at Lewiston and Queenstown.

View of the Chapel of Bourbon L'Archambault, an old French religious edifice of considerable note.

Also a view of the Church of Venday, an ancient religious edifice of France.

A series of views in Philadelphia, giving first a picture of the Spring Garden Institute, and the Fountain in Spring Garden Street; second, a view of Landsdowne, the ancient seat of the Penn Family; third, a view of the New Drove Pump near Philadelphia; fourth, a representation of Odd Fellows Hall, Broad Street; and fifth, an engraving of the Central High School, Broad Street.

A gallery of Portraits, being accurate pictures of Washington Allston, Hiram Powers, Horatio Greenough and Thomas Cole.

Three striking views of scenery in Central America, first, a view of Lake Managua and Volcano of Momotombo, Nicaragua; second, Island of Tigre and Bay of Fonseca; third, Cathedral of La Merced, and Volcano of El Viejo, Leon, Nicaragua.

⁂ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

Madame Jenny Lind is said to be suffering from a very serious malady in the eyes.

The Austrian French contingent will go to Trebisond, and be placed under the command of Omar Pacha.

The London Illustrated News has a genealogical sketch, proving that Louis Napoleon is a cousin of Queen Victoria.

The Russian treasury has received large sums of money through Berlin. English war material was constantly passing through Prussia for the army.

The London Times quotes several of the New York Tribune's theatrical criticisms, at full length, under the head of "Splending Writing in America."

A return was recently issued, which represents that on the first of January, 1855, the number of registered steam vessels in Great Britain was 1480.

Louis Napoleon is about to enter upon the same measures of free trade which have contributed so much to strengthen the commercial position of England.

David Solomons, a Jew, being senior Alderman below the chair, will be Lord Mayor for London next year. No opposition is expected. He will be the first Jew who has ever filled that office.

Prince Frederick of Prussia, it is said, is really betrothed to the eldest daughter of Victoria and Albert, but the wedding is postponed, as she is considered to be "o'er young to marry yet."

It would be a curious chapter in history if the present Murat should become king of Naples. Joseph, in the reign of Louis Philippe this individual kept a boarding-house in the United States.

M. Pouillet, of the Academy at Paris, has an apparatus determining the height of clouds by the aid of photography; and at St. Petersburg, the camera has been made to do good service in the redaction and reproduction of large topographical maps.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Harmless mirth is a cordial against the consumption of the spirits.

Love is the fever of the soul; passion is the delirium of that fever.

He who pretends to be everybody's particular friend, is nobody's.

The eye is an index of the character. Physiognomy reveals the secret of the heart.

The more grand and noble a man is in his actions, the more simple he ought to be in his conversation and manners.

Those who live alone are prone to think the world stands still, and oftener still the people therein cherish memories and feelings which belong only to solitude.

By aspiring too high we frequently miss the happiness which, by a less ambitious aim, we might have gained. High happiness on earth is rather a picture which the imagination forms, than a reality which a man is allowed to possess.

Very great personages are not likely to form very just estimates either of others or themselves; their knowledge of themselves is obscured by the flattery of others; their knowledge of others is equally clouded by circumstances peculiar to themselves.

Our physical wants are many, and our *desires* boundless. Like a stone cast in the water, each desire creates a series of circles widening in extent. The less time and labor devoted to the gratification of mere desires, the more will remain available to satisfy our genuine wants.

The passions of men, when directed by their reason, are the sources of the most ennobling virtues, as well as the means of the greatest enjoyment; but if they are permitted to become the masters instead of the ministers of human conduct, they are the suicidal destroyers of happiness.

Joker's Budget.

"Sea serpent oil" is said to be a sure cure for consumption.

Some farms in Vermont are so steep that they require ploughmen with one short leg.

A poor pianist makes a dead march of every one she plays—she murders 'em.

People "of a certain age" will be sorry to hear that they are growing *dates* in Georgia.

Parson Eting, in speaking of a churchyard, said he wouldn't be buried there as long as he lived.

"Poor rule that wont work both ways," as the boy said when he threw the rule back at his master.

Why is a New York omnibus like the heart of a flirt? Because there is always room for one more to be taken in.

The youth who left his home because his mother would not allow him to wear a standing collar, is now acting as corresponding secretary to a caravan.

Here is a fine specimen of New York criticism: "Rachel rose last night to the full height of her talent. She clasped the star of her genius, and placed it, in all its splendor, on her brows."

Punch says one of the assistants in the reading-room of the British Museum has published a pair of new boots that are making a deal of noise, just at present, in the literary world.

An old sea captain used to say he didn't care how he dressed when abroad, "because nobody knew him." And he didn't care how he dressed when at home, "because everybody knew him."

The following is an exact copy of a note handed a few days since by a little French boy to his school mistress, as an excuse for absence from school: "Adolph he couldem com becos he disden fiel vel."

Quill and Scissors

You can go into the North Bridgewater Museum for ten cents, and see a spoon used by King Philip, and taken at his capture; a pestle which belonged to Massasoit; a wine glass used by Washington during a brief stop at Easton; two candlesticks, one of brass and the other of china, brought over in the Mayflower; and an apron, worked in a beautiful manner, 200 years ago, by a girl of 14 years.

The British government is just now seriously engaged with the question of a new national gallery. Ministers feel that the present mode of exhibiting the national pictures—at Windsor, Hampton Court, the British Museum, the National Gallery, and Marlborough House—is eminently unsatisfactory. Plans are before them for consolidating these galleries.

The manufacture of paper from numerous kinds of grasses, straw and wood, is by no means a new thing. Jacob Christian Scaffers, a German theologian, printed a book in 1772, on sixty specimens of paper, made from as many substances, such as straw, wood of various kinds, willow, beech, etc., and a number of grasses.

Dr. Charles Kidd, of England, announces that chloroform is a perfect cure for hydrophobia. A teaspoonful of either ether or chloroform is to be sprinkled on a handkerchief and placed on the patient's face to smell, and a red hot poker is then, within half an hour, to be applied to the bite.

"The Russians," says an English paper, "had three heavy pieces of ordnance in a battery at the east side of the dockyard creek, which threw their shot at least six miles! They rarely did any harm. The noise of their course was so great that every one got out of the way."

A Mr. Bachelor, of Upton, Mass., advertises for a wife of "forty-five or fifty." Mr. B. is a widower in good condition, though a bachelor by name; he has some property, but his best recommendation as a husband is that he is stone blind.

A valuable quarry of the finest white sandstone has recently been opened near Cleveland, Ohio. It is of uniform density, a fine grit, apparently free from iron and other impurities, and presents a lively white appearance, beautiful as Parisian marble.

The Alumni of Middlebury College, at the last Commencement, voted to erect a monument, at an expense of five hundred dollars, to the memory of Rev. Joshua Bates, D. D., who was for twenty-one years, from 1818 to 1839, President of that institution.

About three months ago, fifty or sixty young Gascons embarked at Bordeaux, for fear of being drawn in the conscription and sent to the Crimea. They landed in New Orleans a few weeks ago, and recently the last of fifty was consigned to the earth.

Rev. Dr. Allen, who has been for many years a missionary in India, has prepared for the press a new history of that country, including, it is said, an interesting account of the condition and prospects of Christianity among the Hindoos.

Col. Kinney has succeeded in carrying out his pious intention, of establishing the church in Nicaragua. Services were opened at San Juan by a colored Methodist Episcopal clergyman, in his own hotel, for want of church accommodations.

The Pope is suffering from an incurable disease, and it is said Louis Napoleon has his eye upon the Papal chair, for his cousin, Lucien Bonaparte, son of Charles Louis Bonaparte, who is to be made a cardinal.

General Canrobert was offered the dignity of Marshal of France, when that rank was bestowed on General Pelissier, but declined to accept it, that he might not detract from the lustre of the achievements of his brother officer.

English papers express the opinion, founded on careful examination, that Great Britain will only require an importation of 20,000,000 bushels of wheat, to supply every possible deficiency.

Queen Victoria, in her visit to France, did not escape the petitioning fraternity, for it is asserted that no fewer than 100,000 petitions or begging letters were forwarded to her.

In Brooklyn, a short time since, a boy was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for stealing from his mother. He attempted to hang himself in his cell, with a handkerchief.

One of the superstitions of France is that a fire kindled by lightning cannot be extinguished, and that he who attempts to extinguish it will die within the year.

There are fifty cotton mills in Russia, employing, altogether, six hundred thousand shuttles.

Alexander Dumas is writing a series of articles entitled, "Great men in their dressing gowns."

The number of copies of newspapers printed in the United States in one year, is 442,600,000.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. George H. Fuits to Miss Estelle, daughter of Rev. Charles Fyme.
By Rev. Dr. Kirk, Capt. Joel Bowker to Miss Frances A. Clapp.
By Rev. Mr. Milner, Mr. Alvin B. Dunton to Miss Laura L. Pendleton.
By Rev. Mr. Alger, Mr. James C. Laughton to Miss Ellen J. Adams.
By Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Mr. George Norton Miller, of New York, to Miss Caroline T. Chase.
By Rev. Mr. Worcester, Mr. Edward B. Fowler to Miss Hannah C. Allen.
By Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. James B. Nason to Miss Harriet C. Edwards.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Miles, Mr. Joseph A. Davis to Miss Maria H. Bettleon.
At East Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Merrill N. Boyden, of Boston, to Miss Mary Locke, of Cambridge.
At Brookline, by Rev. Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Pl. Clair Jones, of Weymouth, N. H., to Miss Helen Cecilia Ladd.
At West Newton, by Rev. Dr. Gilbert, Mr. Matthias Brigham to Miss Nancy H. Bacon, both of Natick.
At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. Frank K. Clarkson, of Amesbury, to Miss Mary Knight Jewett.
At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Bruce, Mr. Levi L. Pierce to Miss Betsey G. Aldrich, of Portland, Me.
At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Edson, Mr. John M. Slade, of Somerset, to Mrs. Mary Ann Briggs.
At Bedford, Me., Hon. Josiah Staples, of Evansville, to Miss Anne Kelley.
At Seneca Falls, N. Y., by Rev. Mr. Ray, Mr. Thomas Benedict, of Skaneateles, N. Y., to Miss Elizabeth Morton.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Horace L. Temple, 46. Mrs. Lucy Von Hagan, 75. Miss Emma Warren Bond, 15.
At Roxbury, Mrs. Caroline Augusta Hoffman, of New York. Mr. James Boyd, 62.
At Chelsea, Mr. Edward H. Lane, 26. Miss Olivia Ann Whitman, formerly of Yarmouth, N. S., 28.
At Cambridge, Mrs. Anna Dascomb, 80.
At Jamaica Plain, Mrs. Agnes, wife of Mr. Joseph H. Rowe, 25.
At Newtonville, Widow Mary W. Hobart, 67.
At West Newton, Mrs. Sarah, widow of the late Hon. Daniel Baxter, of Boston, 98.
At Medford, Mr. Charles Cushing, 85.
At South Reading, Rev. George C. Strickland, 44.
At Essex, Mr. John Cogswell, 71.
At Lowell, Mr. Dexter Hardy, 30.
At Medfield, Mrs. Laura H. Hewins, 29.
At Newburyport, Widow Martha Keyes, 80; Miss Keziah Plumer, 91. Widow Sarah Sargent, 66.
At Canton, Mrs. Frances, wife of Mr. Nath'l Dunbar, 44.
At Sudbury, Miss Susan H. Smith, 43.
At Waltham, Mrs. Sarah C., wife of Capt. Edward C. Nichols, of Boston, 43.
At Pittsfield, Mr. Ichabod Chapman, 78.
At Windsor, Iowa Thomas Blanchard, formerly of Abington, 91.
At Hallowell, Miss Georgiana Andrews, 19.
At Bristol, R. I., Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Rev. M. A. DeW. Howe, of Philadelphia.
At Gray, Me., Mrs. Betsey, wife of Hon. Benjamin J. Mace, 70.
At New York, Mr. Benjamin Porter Hutchison, 44.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LILLIE MINE.

BY CHRISTIAN KEELER.

Like placid waters sleeping
In moonlight's pensive glow,
A tender thought is creeping
In brightness o'er her brow,
My Lillie dear is weeping,
Her cheek is all a-glow.

Each moonbeam lightly dances
On features fair and sweet,
And from her blue eyes glances
Shook—as the arrow fleet;
Like a gazelle she prances
Away with nimble feet.

I scarce believe that sorrow
Could leave its shadow there,
For sorrow's self would borrow
A gleam from every tear;
Would send the coming morrow
A pleasure far more dear.

O, Lillie, wilt thou linger?
O, Lillie, be mine own!
No lark's a sweeter singer;
Thy voice has round me grown
Like thoughts that faintly linger
When melodies are flown.

Come, come to me, my dearest;
The shadows hide thy face,
Thou lovest what thou fearest,
The fondness of my gaze—
Of pleasures 'tis the cheerlest
Thy growing joys to trace.

Come, come to me, my blossom,
And if thou fearest, hide
Thy features in my bosom,
Near to my throbbing side.
Come, come to me, my blossom,
My own, my lovely bride!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PRIVATEER.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"I DON'T know," said Grummet, as he laid down the paper from which he had been reading "farther particulars" of the foreign news, "I don't know but what it's all right and proper to do away with privateering, but I doubt it. I may be wrong, for an old privateersman, like myself, is apt to be prejudiced in favor of ancient customs; still, it cannot be denied, that private enterprises in time of war is a great saving to the government, and a sharp stick in the side of the enemy, inflicting an immense amount of damage upon his merchant marine, as well as crippling their ships of war, upon an occasion as we did, for instance, when I was in the little schooner Caroline. I have told you about that cruise of the Caroline, haven't I? No? Then there is no better time to do so than the present. I take it your time is of no value:

"Soon after the commencement of the last war, it being rather hard times for merchant sailors, I went to work upon a farm a few miles from Newport, Rhode Island, in the employ of a gentleman by the name of Gordon. 'Squire Gordon,' as he was called, had been quite wealthy for the times; but, unfortunately, most of his property was embarked in maritime speculations, which were, of course, brought to an end by the war. His business operations, however, were so extended that it was impossible to close them up at once without an immense sacrifice—indeed, certain ruin—he therefore resolved to risk all upon a chance, and accordingly sent his ships to sea as in time of peace. As might have been expected, they were speedily captured by the enemy, and he found himself in his old age reduced to poverty—the farm upon which I was employed being the only property remaining to him.

"His son, Harry Gordon, was a daring, adventurous young fellow of some twenty five or six—tall, well built, active, handsome, and withal as good-hearted a young scamp as it was ever my fortune to run athwart. From boyhood, he had entertained a passion for the sea, and at the time of which I speak had been for some years in command of one of his father's ships. The last voyage his vessel made—the one in which she was captured—he had resigned the command for the purpose of fulfilling a matrimonial engagement which had for a long time subsisted between himself and the prettiest, blackest-eyed, rosiest-cheeked little gipsy that ever surrounded and made prisoner of a gallant sailor.

"Everything was progressing favorably towards the consummation of the happy event, when old Gordon's losses commenced; every mail brought tidings of disaster, ship after ship was taken by the enemy, until, as I have said, the family was reduced to poverty. This was a severe blow for Harry, coming as it did at such a time, but like a noble-hearted fellow as he was, he determined, however painful it might be, the marriage should be postponed until he was able in some measure to retrieve his losses, for he had not the heart to take his dear little Carrie from a home of luxury and wealth, to make her the wife of a beggar. True, Carrie's father, a noble-hearted gentleman as you will find between the north pole and the equator, generously offered to make a provision for his daughter, which would enable them to live in comparative comfort until the close of the war, when he could readily obtain employment in his profession; but Harry was not the man to accept pecuniary assistance from his wife, or her friends, while he lived in idleness.

"I was a sort of confidant of both the lovers, and used to carry an infinity of little feeble-looking notes from one to the other, besides accompanying Harry when he called upon his darling—an event that occurred on an average about six times a day. I consequently had an opportunity of judging as to the state of their affections, and if those two young people weren't as deeply in love as it is possible for human beings, then I'll allow that I'm no judge of the article, and I've done some pretty powerful courting in my day, now I tell you, youngster, and ought to know a thing or two.

"At last Harry made up his mind to strike a bold stroke for fortune. Accordingly, taking me in tow, as usual, he went to communicate his plans, and take leave of Carrie. Their parting was all tears, white handkerchiefs and kisses, and occupied all the forward part of the night. As there was no particular necessity for me to be present, I wandered off toward the shore to await Harry's coming.

"It was a bright, clear, moonlight night, and I was amusing myself by gazing at the sea and whistling the 'Rogue's March in Saul,' when I fancied I heard the familiar sounds of blocks and ropes, as of some vessel underweigh. This was music to my ears, and I listened attentively, but the sounds were not repeated, and I came to the conclusion that it was all fancy. The incident, however, awoke a train of pleasant recollections, and the joyous scenes of a sea life came so vividly before me, that I almost resolved to quit my then course of life, and at once enter the naval service. It was therefore with no ordinary feeling of pleasure that I listened to the proposition which Harry unfolded to me when he had concluded his interview with his betrothed Carrie.

"'Joe,' said he, as he seated himself beside me on the beach, 'how should you like to go to sea again?'

"'Precisely what I was thinking of,' I replied. 'I intend to be afloat in less than a month.'

"'Because,' he continued, 'I shall be in need of a few good men, and I want you to ship them for me.'

"'You don't mean to say that you are going to risk another ship and cargo?' I asked, in surprise.

"'No; something better than that,' said he, drawing an official-looking document, upon which I noticed a broad seal, from his pocket. 'If the moon gave a little more light, you would have an opportunity of reading a commission from government, to cruise for prizes.'

"'Privateering, eh? But where is your ship?'

"'O, that is taken care of; I have arranged everything. The vessel will be along in season; to-night, perhaps. But will you go with me?'

"'Wont I go? Give me an opportunity, and see.'

"Harry was proceeding to explain his designs, when the sounds that had attracted my attention before, were heard again, accompanied by the peculiar cry, half song, half shout, of the sailors, as they hauled upon a brace, or other running rigging.

"'By Jove! there she comes,' exclaimed Harry, springing to his feet, as from behind a projecting point of the opposite island a small topsail schooner emerged, ranged rapidly ahead and bore up into the wind, shaking the sails to deaden her headway preparatory to mooring.

"The rattling of hanks and running gear sounded musically over the water, as the heavy fore and mainsails slid swiftly to the deck, and the distant order to let go the anchor was distinctly heard, followed by the plunge of the heavy mass of iron, and the prolonged rumble of the cable, as it rushed through the hausepipe; then the same sound at short intervals, as the men payed out another range, which the schooner refused to take. At the same time the sails had been snugly stowed, and feeling the check of her ground tackle, she swung gently round to the tide, and all was still.

"The spectacle of a vessel being brought into port, moored and made snug, in a seamanlike manner, is an interesting one, even to a landsman; and to us, who were passionately fond of our favorite profession, it awakened emotions of enthusiasm.

"'There, Joe,' said Harry, as the last sound from the vessel died away upon the still night air, 'what do you think of that for a bold cruiser? All we require now is to have her well manned, and for that I must depend upon you. Take the yacht at once, and proceed up the bay as far as Providence, stopping at the intermediate places, and drum up as many good men as you can possibly induce to join us. None but good sailors, mind you; we can't afford to take apprentices at present. In the meantime I will put the schooner in order, and get her armament on board. We sha'n't have much of a battery, certainly; but we must make the best of what we have. Now go; lose as little time as possible, for remember, I am placing myself entirely in your hands. This vessel is my last hope. If by any delay in procuring men, she is forced to remain in the bay until some British cruiser takes a fancy to look here, I am a ruined man.'

"'Give yourself no anxiety as to my share in the enterprise,' I replied. 'In forty-eight hours I will have half a hundred as good men on board as ever laid a splice or rove a gun-tackle purchase.'

"'Only do so,' said Harry, wringing my hands, 'and I shall owe you more than life.'

"The flood-tide had just began to make, the wind was middling fair for a run up the bay, and the bright moonlight was decidedly in our favor; for at the time I was not any too well acquainted with the lay of the land. Accordingly starting up Black Tom, one of the farm servants—for whom I entertained a special regard, as he was a daring, go-ahead fellow, and withal a capital sailor—to accompany me, I got the yacht underweigh, and sped swiftly on my course up the beautiful Narragansett.

"My recruiting expedition proved highly successful; but little more than twenty four hours elapsed before I was on my return trip with seventy-five as good seamen as you will find above water. A shorter time would have sufficed to procure that number of men, for sailors were plenty at that time, there being no merchant marine to employ them; but I was particular in my selection, taking none but men with whom I had sailed, or such as could give an unexceptionable account of themselves. I tried hard to get a good and experienced gunner to take charge of the 'long tom,' which I made no doubt would form the principal offensive armament of the schooner; but in this I was unsuccessful, much to the delight of Black Tom, who professed to be as good a gunner with heavy artillery as could be found in the royal navy. Never having witnessed a display of his skill, I was rather disposed to doubt the somewhat extravagant narration of the wonders he had performed. However, as no better person could be procured, I decided that he should be captain of the gun, subject, of course, to the approval of Captain Gordon.

"Embarking my men in such boats as could be obtained, we started to return. Light and baffling winds prevented our making the speed we could have wished, and it was within an hour of sunset before we reached the appointed rendezvous. As we rounded the island, and came suddenly in sight of the schooner, a cheer of admiration burst from the whole party. She was, indeed, as neat a little craft as I ever saw upon the water. Her long, low hull was beautifully moulded, with a sharp bow and long, lean run. It was evident she would come as near to putting the wind's eye out with her flying jib-boom-end, as any craft that floated, while her great breadth of beam indicated that sail might be carried as long as the canvass held to the bolt-ropes; her hull was painted perfectly black, with the exception of a narrow streak of bright red extending on a line with the water from the bow to the taffrail; her spars and rigging were in keeping with the hull; the masts, larger than usual for a vessel of her tonnage, were of great length; and the lofty topmasts, raking far away aft, were crossed by heavy yards for the immense topsails. The ordinary standing rigging was also of unusual size and strength; in addition to which, preventer-braces were rove and preventer-backstays and guys set up in every situation where their aid could by any possibility be required; in short, the schooner was in perfect order either to go into action or encounter a hurricane.

"The men were evidently highly pleased with their vessel, as indeed they had good reason to be, and having satisfied ourselves with a view at a distance, we pulled rapidly alongside, and sprang upon her deck with as much impetuosity as if we had intended to take her by boarding.

"Harry, dressed in a neat and becoming uniform, was pacing the quarter deck with the air of an admiral, and looking the very ideal of a bold privateer chief. Having mustered the men in the waist, I went aft and reported myself. Harry grasped my hand with a look expressive of the utmost gratitude; then turning to the men, and assuming a dignified and rather severe air—for he was a strict disciplinarian—he addressed them:

"'My lads,' said he, 'the expedition upon which we are bound will be one of danger, hardship, and probably of death, to some among you. I shall therefore expect each man to be a hero, and to act as if success depended upon him alone. Our object will be to make prizes of the enemy's merchantmen, in the pursuit of which we shall undoubtedly encounter some of their ships of war. As a means of offence, we have the thirty-two pounder amidships, and the carronades upon the side. For defence, we must trust to our heels—and I think the schooner can outsail on the wind anything in his majesty's service—and the skill with which you can use the musket and boarding-pike. The prize-money shall be fairly and honorably distributed, but remember, it must be captured before it can be distributed. If any of you have the least hesitation about proceeding upon this cruise, now is the time to make it manifest and return to your homes; hereafter you will not have the opportunity, and the first man that flinches before the enemy shall be treated as an enemy, and cut down with as little mercy. Finally, my lads, I wish you to bear in mind that this vessel shall never be surrendered, if escape is impossible. I will blow her into the air sooner than strike my flag.'

"This speech was received with cheers by the men, who were not at all displeased with the spirit and sentiments of their young commander, for they saw in his determination an evidence of success. The crew was now divided into quarter watches, the boatswains and other petty officers chosen from among their own number; Black Tom confirmed in his appointment as captain of the big gun, and myself elevated to the dignity of first lieutenant. These necessary arrangements being accomplished, an anchor watch was set, and the men sent below to their hammocks that they might be refreshed by a good night's rest, as it was the intention of Captain Gordon to get underweigh with the first glimpse of daylight.

"As morning dawned, I was awakened by the shrill sound of the boatswain's whistle merrily piping all hands to heave up anchor. Hastening upon deck, I found the men tumbling up the hatchways in high spirits, yet orderly, and with the quiet discipline observed on board a man-of-war. A portion of the crew manned the windlass and hove short, while others loosed the sails and stretched the halyards across the deck. This accomplished, Harry came upon deck and issued the order to 'heave up.' The windlass flew swiftly round to an animated song from the whole crew, and soon the anchor was sighted and fished, the jib was run up and the schooner's head fell rapidly off from the wind, the fore, main, and both topsails were mastheaded, and we began to hear the water rippling under our stern.

"'Square the yards! ease off the fore, main and jib sheets!' thundered Harry, who always took command and issued all orders when upon deck, without regard to whose watch it chanced to be at the time. The little craft, gathering headway, dashed off before the wind with all the grace, if not the velocity, of a sea bird, and we were fairly underweigh.

"The sun rose brightly, the sky was without a cloud, the wind was fair, our vessel sailed even better than we had hoped, and all things seemed ominous of a successful cruise. The breeze freshened as the morning advanced, and in less than two hours Block Island lay broad off our starboard beam. We now braced up, taking the wind—which was a little to the eastward of north—just forward of the beam, and stood out to sea, our course being due east, until we could clear the eastern end of Nantucket, when it was our intention to bear up to the north'ard and east'ard in the track of vessels sailing between Great Britain and the provinces. The greater part of this distance had been accomplished, and two hours more would put us fairly out to sea. This was better fortune than we had any reason to expect; for the British cruisers hovered continually about the coast, and the greatest danger we had to apprehend was in falling in their way before getting far enough at sea to be able to run away from them. Once at sea, and we should be comparatively safe. Harry and myself were leaning over the weather-rail, watching the motion of the vessel through the water, and congratulating each other upon our success thus far, when the lookout at the masthead startled us with the unwelcome cry of 'Sail ho!'

"'Where away?' asked Harry, with an exclamation of vexation and disappointment.

"'Dead ahead, and coming down toward us,' returned the lookout.

"'What does she look like?'

"'Topsail schooner, near as I can make out; and English at that, judging from her rig. She carries no pole above the eyes of her to'gallant rigging; that's a regular Johnny Bull touch, and is what makes their ships look so squat and chunked.'

"The approaching vessel was on the opposite tack, and coming down upon us rapidly. Although there was not much to fear from an enemy no stronger than ourselves, yet it was for our interest to avoid an engagement, for we might be crippled so badly as to fall an easy prey to the first ship we encountered. Had it been possible, we should have hauled sharp on the wind and soon run her out of sight; but to the windward lay Nantucket, and before we could clear the eastern extremity she would be up with us. The only alternative was to keep away to leeward; but to run in that direction was nearly as bad as to fight, for to the south'ard we should be almost certain of falling in with heavily armed vessels.

"After some hesitation it was decided to keep away, and the order was about being given to square the yards, when the lookout again startled us with 'sail ho, broad off the lee beam!' Upon looking in the direction indicated, what was our surprise and consternation to behold within a distance of less than ten miles, a heavy square rigged ship, under a cloud of canvass, bearing up towards us. Having been so intent upon watching the movements of the schooner, this new adversary had until now entirely escaped our notice.

"'By the powers, Captain Gordon!' said I, as I began to comprehend the extent of our danger, 'I think we have managed to get ourselves into rather warm quarters here, with the island on one hand, a ship of the line on the other, and a vessel quite as strong as ourselves coming down upon us in front. I think the game is up with us.'

"Harry made no reply for a moment, but taking his glass he looked long and earnestly at the island and the two approaching vessels; then turning to me, with a peculiar smile, he said:

"'Joe Grummet, my fine fellow, I don't wish to flatter you, but I will say, no man living has a better heart than beats under that dirty, blue shirt of yours; but for all that you will never make a good commander, never; take my word for it.'

"There was no time to question as to what course he intended to pursue, for the schooner was now almost within range, and lowering her foresail, and throwing her fore-topsail to the mast she awaited our approach. We were going at the rate of at least twelve knots an hour, heading midway between the island and the schooner. Without deviating, we kept upon a straight course, with as little apparent concern as if there had been no enemy in sight. For myself, I was at a loss to comprehend what it was his intention to do. It certainly appeared to me that our only safe course was to put the schooner about, retrace our course, and endeavor to make Newport harbor; but he, apparently, thought otherwise, for he still kept on, heading so as to bring us within a mile of the brigantine, which was now laid to with the evident intention of beating us back should we attempt to pass, thereby throwing us in the power of the line of battle-ship, which would be within range in less than an hour, if the wind held, and there was no reason to suppose that it would not.

"Our men, although full of enthusiasm, were evidently anxious and concerned, as with scarcely concealed impatience they alternately turned their eyes upon the foe, now so near, and upon their young commander, in expectation of some order; but he, cool and unconcerned, paced the deck, leisurely, smoking his cigar.

"Our bold advance obviously occasioned no little surprise on board the brigantine, and caused them to change their plan of attack, as they soon filled away their main-topsail, came about, and stood upon the same tack as ourselves, but some three points nearer the wind. Could we have kept to the windward also, all would have been well, and we would soon have run them out of sight; but the island still stretched for a long distance ahead upon the weather side, effectually preventing our escape. A few minutes sufficed to show that our vessel was a much better sailer than the brigantine; but she was still ahead, and upon the course we were then running she would in a short time cross our fore-foot.

"In silence, and with anxious curiosity, we watched the approach of our enemy, who apparently intended to work to windward and lay us by the board. This appeared so evident to the men forward, that no little uneasiness was manifested at the absence of any measures to repel an attack of that kind; indeed, they were upon the point of going aft in a body, to demand an explanation of the course we were pursuing, when a small cloud of white smoke puffed forth from the weather bow port of the brig, and the next instant a round shot sang shrilly through our topmast rigging, and plunged into the water beyond, throwing up a column of spray.

"'Just as I expected, by Jove!' exclaimed Harry, rubbing his hands in joyful excitement. 'That fellow will keep away soon, depend upon it, now that he finds himself within range. He thinks to maintain a good safe distance, and amuse himself with cutting away our spars, when he can take us at his leisure; but he'll find himself mistaken in that particular, or I'm no judge of the strength of this good schooner; these spars were never intended to be cut away by carronades at long range.'

"The brigantine, as he had predicted, almost immediately fell off three or four points, making her course precisely parallel with our own. Our superior sailing qualities were now very perceptible, and we were rapidly drawing abreast of the brigantine, when the order was given to clear away the guns. The men sprang to their posts with alacrity, and Black Tom, with his ebony countenance expressive of the most intense enthusiasm, examined, for the hundredth time, every part of the rigging of his favorite piece, that there might be nothing to obstruct its free working.

"The few minutes that elapsed before we came exactly abreast of each other, was passed in breathless anxiety. All eyes were directed toward the enemy, when a slight commotion upon her deck announced that we might expect a commencement of hostilities. Suddenly a broad sheet of flame burst from the brigantine, completely enveloping her in the thick, white smoke which shot from her ports from stem to stern. Another instant, and the iron storm burst upon us. The crashing of bulwarks, and the dull, heavy plunge of the balls, as they buried themselves in our spars, while splinters flew thick and fast around us, for a moment held us spellbound; then the thundering report, as the sound came slowly up to us from the leeward, was mingled with the cries and moans of our own wounded. Quite a number of our men had been more or less injured by the splinters. While they were being taken below, the state of the spars and rigging was examined. To our joyful surprise we found that very little damage had been sustained; with the exception of a few shot through the sails, and the loss of our fore-topmast backstay, which had been cut away by a chain shot, there was nothing of importance. Several shot had buried themselves in our spars, but as I have before stated, they were of such unusual size that a single shot at long range could affect them but little.

"These facts being ascertained, we had time to look for the brig. The broadside had materially deadened her headway, while at the same time we had been shooting ahead with increased velocity, and were considerably in advance as well as to windward. Our men were burning with impatience to avenge their comrades, and had it not been for the large ship which was doing her utmost to come up with us, I think Harry would have engaged the brigantine at once. As it was, however, it would have been folly to reply to their broadside, it being evident that their guns were of much larger calibre than our own, giving them the advantage of having us within their range, while they were out of ours. Our long tom, certainly, would have bored them through and through, but it would have been worse than useless to deaden our headway by firing, when a few minutes would suffice to place us beyond their reach.

"Could we sustain their next broadside without injury to our spars, we were safe. It was therefore with intense anxiety that we watched their preparations for another discharge. These were quickly completed; the brigantine yawed widely, and a second time was sheeted fore and aft with the death-dealing flame. Our men being too much excited to take any precautions for their own safety, stood watching the shot as they came down upon us, ricocheting over the water, or rising high in the air, as they were directed at our top-hamper; but shot after shot plunged into the water short of us, while only two or three came on board, with their force so far spent as to be of little effect. A deafening cheer rose simultaneously from the whole crew, as the last shot passed harmlessly over us. We were now out of range, and, better still, had nearly cleared the island. It was at our option whether to fight or run.

"All eyes were now turned upon Harry; the men were hardly disposed to leave without firing a single gun. Harry read their thoughts in their inquiring glances. For a moment he hesitated; then catching the enthusiasm, he gave the order to clear away the long gun. Never was order more promptly obeyed; Black Tom was in ecstasies. The immense piece was speedily charged and trained to bear upon the chase.

"'Do your best, Tom, and try to cut up their rigging a bit,' said Harry, as the negro laid his black face upon the breech of the gun, and glanced along its polished surface.

"'Ay, ay,' Massa Gordon, I'll show 'em how it's done. Dese white trash tink ole Tom don't know nuffin' 'bout a gun; I'll show 'em.'

"Having taken what seemed an unnecessarily long time in sighting the piece, Tom stepped quickly aside and applied the match. A jet of flame, a thundering report, shaking the little schooner to her keelson, and we anxiously watched the effect of the ball. It was impossible to tell whether it struck the brig or not; no rigging fell, no splinters were seen; but still we had not seen it fall into the water. The general impression was, however, that it had passed over and fallen into the sea to leeward of the chase.

"An exclamation of disappointment broke from Harry, as he cast a threatening glance toward the poor negro, who seemed completely thunderstruck at his want of success, after the many stories of his wonderful skill. Without raising his eyes to meet the angry looks of his shipmates, he busied himself in reloading for a second discharge. Once more the gun was trained, and Tom stooped to take sight. Glancing along the bright tube for a moment, he fixed his eye upon the brig, when suddenly springing from the piece, he threw his hat high into the air, and yelled out in a perfect extasy of delight and enthusiasm:

"'Ya, ya! no hit him, 'eh? Ole Tom nobody, aint he? Jis look at dar ar brig!'

"As he spoke, we saw [illegible] tottter for a moment, then [illegible] deck, carrying in its fall [illegible] topmast. A more complete [illegible] not have wished, and the [illegible] and conscious superiority [illegible] all was something to be [illegible] time.

"'Well done, my bla[illegible] again!' shouted Harry; [illegible] ting Tom such a slap on [illegible] deprive him of breath.

"Tom once more sighted [illegible] the match. This time [illegible] was apparent, as it was [illegible] over the surface, entering [illegible] knght heads, throwing the [illegible] the air, and raking the [illegible] the sharp, metallic ring, [illegible] knew that some of her g[illegible] A constant fire was now [illegible] gun, Tom making splend[illegible] telling with great effect.

"'What say, my lads, [illegible] crafs?' exclaimed Harry, [illegible] narily successful shot ca[illegible] mast close to the deck, l[illegible] helpless upon the water.

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"'Stand by for a bro[illegible] a tone loud enough to [illegible] Then once more hailing

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"With a spirit wort[illegible] brig replied by giving [illegible] few remaining guns, wh[illegible] little damage, as they w[illegible]

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"'What have you [illegible] he asked, in a stern and [illegible]

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"'Your arms, eh! [illegible] Harry, a second [illegible] fered weapon. 'Come, [illegible] nation to parley while [illegible] ing us so rapidly. Wh[illegible]

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"With well feigned r[illegible] crew with the order to [illegible] low, close the hatches [illegible] slow match in the ma[illegible] and her company into t[illegible]

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"This, of course, w[illegible] stead of putting the [illegible] of the crew hurried th[illegible] their boats, while the [illegible] transferring cash afo[illegible] metals from the brig [illegible] this was taking place, [illegible] portunity to apologize [illegible] for his rudeness; but [illegible] required, as he must [illegible] circumstances, prompt[illegible] tively demanded.

"Our men worked [illegible] credibly short space o[illegible] was removed, and th[illegible] away with their wound[illegible] ing ship. All being [illegible] slow match was laid [illegible] fired in half a dozen [illegible] braced up our yards a[illegible] were we a moment to[illegible] up so rapidly while w[illegible] as to have us fairly [illegible] in reality in as grea[illegible] at any time through t[illegible]

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"As he spoke, we saw the brig's fore-topmast totter for a moment, then plunge heavily to the deck, carrying in its fall the head of the main-topmast. A more complete triumph Tom could not have wished, and the glance of contempt and conscious superiority which he cast upon us all was something to be remembered for a life time.

"'Well done, my black prince—try them again!' shouted Harry; in his excitement hitting Tom such a slap on his back as almost to deprive him of breath.

"Tom once more sighted the gun and applied the match. This time the course of the ball was apparent, as it was fired low, and skipped over the surface, entering the bulwark by the knight heads, throwing the splinters high into the air, and raking the brig fore and aft. By the sharp, metallic ring, as the ball struck, we knew that some of her guns were dismounted. A constant fire was now kept up with the big gun, Tom making splendid practice, every ball telling with great effect.

"'What say, my lads, shall we take that craft?' exclaimed Harry, as a more than ordinarily successful shot carried the brig's main-mast close to the deck, leaving her completely helpless upon the water.

"'An enthusiastic cheer was the response. The schooner was immediately put about, and with a free wind we ran down toward her. A few minutes brought us within hailing distance. The effect of our fire had been really surprising. Of the twelve carronades which she carried, there now remained but five that were not dismounted.

"'Do you surrender?' thundered Harry from his station in the main rigging, as we ranged up alongside the brig.

"A feeble cheer was the only answer. It could scarcely be expected they would surrender with a very good grace when a ship of the line was almost, if not quite, within range, and coming to their rescue.

"'Stand by for a broadside!' said Harry, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the enemy. Then once more hailing the brig, he called out:

"'Haul down your colors, or I'll blow you out of water!'

"With a spirit worthy of admiration, the brig replied by giving us the contents of her few remaining guns, which, however, did us but little damage, as they were badly aimed.

"'Fire!' shouted Harry; and with a deafening roar our whole broadside was poured in upon them.

"'Ready about, and give them the other side!' was the next order; but it was not executed, as a voice from the brig called out:

"'We have surrendered.'

"Our helm was put hard up, and in a moment we were alongside. Cutlass in hand we poured over her rail and took possession. The captain of the brig advanced and presented his sword; but Harry drew back.

"'What have you of value on board, sir?' he asked, in a stern and threatening manner.

"'We have our arms, sir,' replied the captain of the brig, with dignity, again presenting his sword.

"'Your arms, eh?—and is that all?' continued Harry, a second time repulsing the proffered weapon. 'Come, I have no time or inclination to parley while yonder ship is overhauling us so rapidly. What else have you?'

"The officer was silent.

"With well feigned rage Harry turned to his crew with the order to convey the prisoners below, close the hatches upon them, and place a slow match in the magazine, to blow the ship and her company into the air together.

"Had there been any probability of this threat being carried into execution, there is no doubt but our men would have promptly refused to obey the command, but well understanding that the proximity of the enemy's ship was the only reason for resorting to such a desperate mode of intimidation, they sprang with apparent fury upon the defenceless crew, and were rapidly hurrying them below, when one of the men with a fainter heart than the others, broke from the grasp of his captors, and throwing himself at Harry's feet, begged in piteous accents that his life might be spared, offering to disclose where a large amount of specie was stored.

"This, of course, was all we desired, and instead of putting the prisoners below, a portion of the crew hurried them over the side and into their boats, while the rest were busily engaged transferring cask after cask of the precious metals from the brig to our own deck. While this was taking place, Harry improved the opportunity to apologize to the English captain for his rudeness; but an apology was scarcely required, as he must have seen that, under the circumstances, prompt measures were imperatively demanded.

"Our men worked with a will, and in an incredibly short space of time everything of value was removed, and the brig's crew were pulling away with their wounded toward the approaching ship. All being accomplished, a train and slow match was laid to the magazine, the brig fired in half a dozen places, and we once more braced up our yards and stood out to sea. Nor were we a moment too soon; the ship had come up so rapidly while we were lying by the brig, as to have us fairly within range, and we were in reality in as great danger at the moment as at any time through the day.

"We had scarcely left the brig when the ship opened upon us with her bow chasers. Shot after shot passed through our sails and rigging, doing much damage. A single well aimed shot striking any of our spars would have placed us entirely at their mercy; but with our light fore-and-aft rig, we were much more than a match, on the wind, for the cumbrous square sails of the ship, and in a short time we were well out of range.

"The ship perceiving the folly of chasing us farther, laid her main-topsail to the mast to pick up the boats containing the brig's crew. By this time it had become quite dark, and the bright flames as they shot up from the burning vessel lighted the ocean for miles around. Suddenly an immense and blinding column of flame shot up to a tremendous height in the air, followed by a terrific explosion, and the next moment but a few charred and blackened timbers remained of the gallant vessel that had attacked us with so much spirit but a few hours before.

"Although the damage we had sustained was comparatively trifling, yet in consideration of the prize taken, it was decided to go into port to refit. Accordingly standing boldly out to sea until it became so dark that our movements could not be discerned from the ship, we doubled upon our course, and with a leading breeze stood back toward Newport harbor. At sunrise, next morning, our little craft was lying at anchor in her old mooring grounds, having been gone upon her cruise something less than twenty-four hours.

"When the prize money was distributed, it was found that the amount of treasure very much exceeded what we had anticipated, the brig having a very large amount on board for the supply of British troops. I should be afraid to tell you how much fell to the share of the private hands, but it was a pretty sum. Harry, of course, as owner and commander, took the lion's share, which enabled him to provide a sumptuous entertainment for the whole ship's company, when a week later he had us all up to the house of his father-in-law, to be present at his wedding.

"The little schooner made another still more successful cruise before the close of the war, but as that was the only occasion of her having any very serious brush with ships of war, I have mentioned it to show, that although privateering is falling into disrepute, yet they may, and have been, great help to government, while they at the same time make a pretty thing for themselves."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MAY-BASKET.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

A low, silvery laugh came floating down the green lane which skirted the garden of Mr. Herbert, and then there rippled, over the balmy evening air, a song as clear and joyous as the rich notes which gush from the throat of a bird at sunset. Anon a slight, delicate-looking girl came tripping along her white cape-bonnet slung carelessly upon one arm, and a light wicker-basket hung on the other, from beneath whose cover peeped out the greenest of mosses, long wreaths of ground pine, and here and there clusters of that sweetest and most beautiful of early wild flowers, the trailing arbutus, with its fairy-like blossoms.

In the May of life was that lovely girl, with her sun-colored tresses falling in luxuriant waves over her snowy and finely-moulded shoulders and neck, with her brightly beaming blue eyes, her rose-tinted cheeks, and her full scarlet lips. The sunshine and joy of the elegant home to which she was hastening, was sweet Nell Herbert; and though a shadow for years had trailed its dark, spectre like figure over the hearth-stone, the anthem had blended even with the notes of the dirge.

The crimson lights of the western sky had faded entirely ere the young daughter turned from the gate to enter the house, for a fine manly form had stayed her quick step, while soft, mellow-like tones had whispered a beautiful greeting. But as the firm footfalls grew faint in the distance, she hurried in, and drawing her low rocker close to the fireside, commenced weaving a light, gipsy-like basket out of the pine, binding its rims of moss with a rare grace and skill, and then, wreathing the handle and rim with the crimson edged blossoms which she had so carefully culled from their hill side home. A middle-aged lady, whose cast of face would have charmed a stoic, sat near, watching closely the slender fingers as they flew in their task, while a fine-looking man, whose locks seemed silvered with care rather than years, often put by his paper and glanced tenderly at the flower maiden.

"Finished!" cried she, at length, with a joyous laugh; "is it not beautiful?" and she proudly passed it about.

"As fair a May-basket as will be hung out tomorrow, I ween," said the mother, as she inhaled the fragrant breath of the blossoms; while the father, pressing a kiss on the sunny brow of the graceful maker, whispered that it made him feel young again only to look at it, and he said he half wished it were to be fastened to the latch of his own front door.

"Do you, dear father, well—if—" She hesitated, a deep blush making crimson her cheeks.

"If it were not for a certain young lawyer a little way off, the old father should have it," said Mr. Herbert, in a gay tone; and then relapsing quickly into the saddened one that had become habitual to his lips, he added: "No, no, dear Nell, keep not the basket for me. Life, like the year, can have only one May. The blossoms of mine were as bright as your own. Heaven grant that the fruit of your autumn be more golden than mine." He sighed as he spoke, gave an earnest yet troubled look to a painting that hung in a recess, and then bowed his head and covered his face with a quivering hand.

Carefully the young girl laid aside the floral offering, and then as gently stole to his side, clasped her arms about him, and caressed his damp cheeks. The mother, too, stole near, after a little while, and the trio were wrapped in a warm embrace. Then, when all were somewhat calmed, they knelt down, and a voiceless prayer went up to heaven.

With the first golden streak of daylight, the beauteous Nell darted from her couch, and soon, with her May-basket in hand, tripped lightly down the gravelled garden walks, up through the verdant lane, across the narrow path worn in the meadow, and the yet narrower one traced in the bit of woodland, till she came in sight of a home as spacious and elegant as her own. Swiftly she passed up the broad avenue that led to its marble steps, and hastily fastening the gift, the love token of her guileless heart, upon the silver knob, she bounded off with the fleet step of a frightened fawn. Reaching her own gate, she lingered awhile beside it, watching the brilliant flashes of sunlight which gleamed in the east, and making the balmy air, in the meanwhile, vocal with the joy of her gladsome spirit. Not until the broad golden disk was fairly above the horizon did she turn to enter the house, but a wild cry of surprise then burst from her lips as she beheld, suspended by a broad white ribbon to the knob of the hall-door, a large wicker-basket, covered with a blanket of the finest and softest snowy merino, richly embroidered with a pattern of oak leaves and acorns. Instinctively, Nell touched the delicate covering to draw it aside; then reflection stayed her fingers, and she rushed rapidly towards her parents' chamber.

"Father, mother, come quickly. Here is a mystery. O, do make haste."

Half in terror, half in wonder, they appeared soon in the hall. Eagerly she led them to the porch.

"A strange May-basket this," said Mr. Herbert, as his eyes rested curiously upon it. "What do you fancy, Nell, lies underneath this prinely blanket?"

"May I see, father?" asked she, eagerly, and ere he could answer, drew it aside.

"The innocent, the beautiful, the darling," were the endearing epithets that fell in rapid succession from her lips, as she beheld, quietly sleeping upon a pillow of down, a tiny babe, over whose soft cheeks not more than three moons could have beamed. "You will keep it, wont you, dear father?" exclaimed she, with girlish fervency. "O, do say that you will—it is so fair, so sweet. Dear little one, how could your mother have spared you so early?" And she knelt down and impressed a passionate kiss upon its lips.

Gently did her mother raise it from its little bed and fold it to her heart. "We will keep you, little one, and look upon you, too, as a godsend to the hearth soon to be left so lonely;" and pleadingly she gazed into her husband's eyes.

Just then the babe awoke, and as its first glance fell upon Mr. Herbert, who was standing close beside it, a smile of angelic beauty dimpled its face, and its slender white arms were extended towards him.

"Winsome one," said he, tenderly, as he took it from his wife, "do you, too, say keep me. It would be a hard heart that could resist that mute appeal. I baptize you into my love, sweet babe;" and he pressed his somewhat wrinkled cheek to the tiny one of velvet softness.

And then they sought some clue to its name and parentage. There was a delicate coral necklace about its neck and bracelets of the same fastened upon its wrists. Upon the golden clasps of each, the name "Lily" was inscribed, and upon the linen that was folded over its bosom, was written in fine characters the same saintly word. A small parcel was hidden under the soft pillow. A change of garments was enclosed within, and a golden locket of exquisite make, on the one side of which was pictured a lovely face, half girl, half woman, while upon the other lay a braid of hair, a blending of two locks, the one of raven hue, the other of pale gold. Further than this, naught could be found. And so the little one was christened "Lily," and ere long was an idol to every member of the household.

To Nell, she was particularly dear, for, like most girls, when they themselves have been the youngest, she had a passion for a babe. "Were you my own sister," she would often say, when toying with the beautiful child, "I could not love you more. Heaven bless the one that sent us our May basket."

Months passed away, and the anniversary of its birth to its new friends came on. Towards twilight of that day, as Nell sat beside it on the rug, torsing its playthings to and from it in wild glee, a louder, sweeter carol than before, gushed from its lips. Ere the dimples of the laugh had hid themselves, Nell chanced to gaze from the tiny face to the painting in the recess, and a thrilling cry burst from her.

"Mother, mother," said she, "do look at Lily and then at brother Will. Is she not like him? O, how nearly. Strange that I never noticed it before."

"Hush, Nell, for Heaven's sake, hush," said Mrs. Herbert, mildly. "Do not say aught about it, in your father's presence. He worships the babe, as we all do, but I fear he would soon give is another home, did he for one moment guess what I have."

"What you have, mother! What do you—what can you mean?"

"I hardly know, my daughter. Yet there is something in my heart that tells me this child is not a stranger's. Your brother loved a noble and beautiful girl, but her friends forbade their wedding, and I could not blame them, for he was not then one to whom a maiden could safely have been bound. It is three years since we have heard from him, you know. What has happened is all unknown. But the strange, the wonderful resemblance that sometimes plays upon that baby's face, goes to my heart. But say not a word of this to any one. The child is worth our love, whether a stranger's only, or a brother's and a son's."

Dearer than before was the infant now to the heart of Nell, and every day, it seemed to her, the resemblance between its tiny features and those of the noble boy portrayed upon the canvass, grew more and more striking. Many a furtive glance did she direct towards her father, as he sported with their Lily, to note if there was aught in his countenance to testify that he, too, had detected the wonderful likeness of the two. But his whole heart seemed to be absorbed in the babe that nestled on his knees, and Nell could never see that he gave a thought to the portrait of that son, who had been so hopeful in his boyhood, so wayward in his later years. But once, happening to enter the parlor with a noiseless footfall and voiceless lip, she beheld him, with the little one in his arms, standing close beside the painting, turning his eyes rapidly from the living to the pictured face, his own, meanwhile, alternately shadowed and smiling. Then she saw him clasp Lily more passionately than usual to his bosom, and flood her little face with tears. A new and beautiful hope sprang up in the heart of the loving sister and child, and she went to her chamber and on bended knees blessed God for the ministry of little children.

Four other years, with their sunshine and their shade, passed over the heads of Lily and her adopted relatives; mostly sunshine were those years, for, though Nell in the second of them put on her bridal robe and went away to brighten another fireside, yet she went no farther than that beauteous home to which she had once borne her May-basket, and every day her footsteps echoed in the parental halls, and her voice lent glee to its spacious rooms. And in the third year, there blended with her own the pattering footfalls of a bright-eyed boy, to whom, to the gladness of them all, the grandparent, when asked what they should name it, clasped it to his heart, and murmured "my bonnie Will." And never did he seem so happy as when he sat in his old arm-chair, dandling the noble grandson on his knees, and telling marvellous tales to the sylph-like Lily who nestled at his feet.

It was the fifth anniversary of their May-basket's gift. The little babe that then slept on its downy pillow had grown to be a very fairy of a child, with ringlets of the golden hue of sunlight clustering over her fair brow and shoulders, with eyes as blue and lustrous as the violet at morn, cheeks like the heart of a wild rose, lips like the scarlet strawberry, and a form which, in fragility and grace, might vie with the swaying stem of the flower whose name she bore.

The afternoon was fast closing, when Mrs. Herbert looked up from her sewing, and observed to her husband that it was growing late and time Lily was at home, adding, after a moment's pause: "Had you not better go and meet her? She will stay gipsying in the cave till sunset, else, and these dews are too chilly for her slender health."

Putting aside his paper, Mr. Herbert rose and walked to the gate. But even as he unlatched it, there rippled on his ear her joyous laughter, and soon she came in sight, holding by the hand, though, a strange, yet lovely woman.

With charming grace, the lady placed the tiny hand of Lily in her adopted father's, and said, pleadingly, in a voice as low and sybil like as the faintest echo of a wind harp: "Pardon me, sir, if I have caused you a moment's anxiety by the detention of your child. I met her a straying in your woodland, and the resemblance she bore to a babe I lost some years ago, prompted my woman's heart to pour upon her golden head the tenderness so long repressed." She quivered in every nerve with agitation, and could only support herself by grasping at the railing.

Mr. Herbert trembled almost as wildly. A vague fear shot through his heart. "If his darling should be claimed, torn from him!" He staggered under the thought, and would have fallen, but that the lady gently passed her arm within his own and led him to a summer-house that stood near the gate.

For some moments, both were silent. Then the stranger spoke again. "This little Lily is not your own, but an adopted child, I learn?"

There was no answer. The old man only pressed the little one yet closer to his heart.

"Yes," said the lady, "I found her five years ago to-day in a wicker-basket which was tied to the silver knob of your hall-door with a broad white ribbon. She was covered with a merino blanket of lamb-like color, the edges of which were embroidered with a wreath of oaken leaves and acorns. She had corals on her neck and wrists, and the name 'Lily' inscribed on both, and upon the linen that was folded on her bosom, the same name was written in a lady's hand. In a little parcel that lay beneath the pillow was a change of garments and a golden locket. Say," and she grasped her listener's hand with almost maniac eagerness, "do I not tell the story as it was?"

"Ay, ay," muttered he. Then he added, in a loud, firm tone: "Yet this proves nothing. Any neighbor would have told the same."

"Have you the locket, sir?"

"It is within."

"Will you bring it here?" Nay," as she saw he hesitated whether to take or leave the child, "carry her with you. I will not ask her of you—of your own free will you shall give her up, or else keep her forever."

"My husband, my husband," screamed Mrs. Herbert, as she saw him unlock his cabinet with a hasty hand, "what ails you? you are a ghost in color. Say," and she clasped his arm, "what is the matter—what has happened?"

"Come and see," said he, wildly; and she went with him to the summer house. A single glance at the beautiful stranger revealed the foregoing scene. "The lady of the locket!" she exclaimed, and sunk tremblingly upon a seat.

"Yes, the lady of the locket," said the stranger, throwing aside her bonnet and drawing out the silver combs that were fastened in her hair. In luxuriant waves of raven hue it fell upon her neck, and, save that the face about which it clustered was more womanly than the pictured one, the miniature was as striking as though the sun had drawn it.

"May I take it for a moment?" said the lady, offering her hand for the golden links. They passed it to her. Lightly she trailed her fingers over the rich chasing of the edge, then pressed a little upon one of the delicate lines. Like an unsprung watch, it opened, and a folded paper dropped. She motioned Mr. Herbert to pick it up, and whispered, "read it aloud."

He did so, she, meanwhile, falling at his feet, and bowing her head upon his knees. For one moment, there was a fearful struggle in the old man's heart. It passed, and the stranger felt his hand laid kindly on her brow, while the words "my daughter, my daughter," fell like heavenly music upon her ear.

"Father, mother, child," she murmured, and rising, clasped them alternately to her heart.

"And William?" asked the mother, all tremulous yet.

"Is there room for him in your hearts?" spake a voice from a cluster of tangled lilacs beside them. Those rich, mellow tones! How eloquent they were!

"Room! always, ever," breathed the father. Ere the words were fairly uttered, there was another added to the group, and upon every face a strange, mysterious blending of tears and smiles.

* * * * *

A low, silvery laugh came floating down the green lane which skirted the garden, and ere long, a joyous song rose and fell in notes of thrilling melody.

"Sister Nell," said William.

"Ay, sister Nell," repeated she, a moment after, as she laid her sunny face upon his breast. "Sister Nell and *her* May basket;" and turning to her husband, who stood outside the lattice-work, she took from the wicker carriage he had drawn there, her own "bonnie Willie."

The tableau was perfected then. The crimson lights of sunset have seldom fallen upon one more joyous. "Destiny, out of sadness and darkness, juggled up a sudden tree of Life and Love, and gave them the golden apples of the Hesperides."

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL HONESTY.

A peasant in Russia, who is known to be rich, is the victim. Some illicit brandy is secreted on his premises—an accusation and a search ensues—the brandy is found, and a process commences. The peasant foes the subordinates of the court for a few years, and at length determines to apply to the judge. He accordingly proceeds to the house of the president of the tribunal before whom his case is to be tried, and demands to see him. After waiting some time, by feeing the servant, he is admitted into the great man's presence. He tells his story, and is told his case is a very bad one, and that in all probability he will be sent to Siberia. The man then pleads that his wife may go with him. The president suggests there is a difficulty in obtaining milk, and that he is in want of a cow. The peasant has one at the service of his judge, who then promises to consider his request. Having so far succeeded, the man prays his children may also be permitted to go with him. The judge shakes his head, and then bethinks him his corn merchant has failed to send the corn for the horses, and that he also wants wheaten flour for his horses, and rye for his servants. These things, of course, the petitioner has at the service of the judge. The judge grows gracious, and promises to use his influence. The man, finding he has succeeded so far in his two requests, pleads that he may be pardoned altogether. This, of course, cannot be listened to; the peasant becomes very urgent; the judge then bethinks him that he is in want of a pair of black horses for his wife's carriage. These the peasant has, and equally at the service of the judge with the other things. The man is then dismissed with the promise upon the part of the judge to intercede for him, and he particularly impresses the favor to be expected by reminding the man not to forget to send the cow, the oats, the flour, the rye, and 100 cwt. of butter, some honey, the horses and other little et ceteras. When the man is gone—"a good morning's work," soliloquizes the judge, "considering I have the man's acquittal already in my bureau."—*Blackwood.*

SAGACITY OF THE ARCTIC BEAR.

On one occasion, a bear was seen to swim cautiously to a rough piece of ice, on which two female walruses were lying asleep with their cubs. The wily animal crept up some hummocks behind the party, and with the help of his fore feet loosened a large block of ice; this, with the help of his nose and paws, he rolled and carried till immediately over the heads of the sleepers, when he let it fall on one of the old animals, which was instantly killed. The other walrus, with its cubs, rolled into the water, but the younger one of the stricken females remained in its dam; upon these helpless creatures the bear now leaped down, and thus completed the destruction of the two animals which it would not have ventured to attack openly.

The stratagems practised in taking large seals are much less to be admired. These creatures are remarkably timid, and for that reason always lie to bank or sleep on the very edge of the pieces of floating ice, so that on the slightest alarm they can, by one roll, tumble themselves into their favorite element. They are exceedingly restless, constantly moving their heads from side to side, and sleeping by very short naps. As with all wild creatures, they turn their attention to the direction of the wind, as expecting danger from that quarter. The bear, on seeing his intended prey, gets quietly into the water, and swims till he is leeward of him, from whence, by frequent short dives, he silently makes his approaches, and so arranges his distance that at his last dive he comes up to the spot where the seal is lying. If the poor animal attempts to escape by rolling into the water, he falls into the bear's clutches; if, on the contrary, he lies still, his destroyer makes a powerful spring, kills him on the ice, and devours him at his leisure.—*Voyages to the Arctic Sea.*

A plain and unschooled man, who had received his education principally beneath the open sky, in the field and forest, and who had wielded the axe more than the pen, while speaking of children, remarked with true and beautiful simplicity: "The little chips are nearest the heart."

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A THOUSAND TIMES AND MORE.

BY ANNIE E. HIGBY.

O, a thousand times and more,
A thousand times and more,
I've danced beneath the hirchen boughs,
On the mossy, grassy floor.

O, a thousand times and more,
A thousand times and more,
I've chased the sheep from the sanded shade,
Before the cottage door.

O, a thousand times and more,
A thousand times and more,
I've heard the song of the noisy brook,
While straying on the shore.

And over the pebbled shore,
Over the pebbled shore,
I've danced to greet the lad I loved,
Where I've often strayed before.

And I thought when to his home,
I thought when to his home,
He'd carry me o'er the western waves,
I ne'er would wish to roam.

But a thousand times and more,
A thousand times and more,
I've wished to haste to the rustic group
Left on the cottage floor.

But I ne'er will see them more,
I ne'er will see them more—
Father, mother, brothers, all,
That I left on the cottage floor.

No, I ne'er will see them more,
I ne'er will see them more,
Nor the birch, the brook, nor sanded shade,
Before the cottage door.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

MR. MULBERRY had gone out of town into the country, on a visit to his rustic relations. There was a brother, who was a well-to-do farmer; and a sister, who had the good luck to marry a very thrifty storekeeper, a justice of the peace; and besides several nephews and nieces that seemed to him to count more and more every summer he went out to see them, an aunt. This aunt was a gentle old maidenly lady, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and exceedingly fond of Mr. Mulberry. She was always afraid he wouldn't get enough to eat, whenever he came out among them; a matter that seemed to trouble *him* but little, *his* fears all lying in the other direction.

Mr. Mulberry had been gone from home now some three weeks, and all that time he had spent with his friends in the country. He was as fat as he could be, and had added at least thirty pounds to his weight in his absence. He had, all told, made a great time out of it. And now the visit was over, and he was standing on the doorstep of his kind aunt, taking his farewell. His pockets, bags, baskets, and trunk were crammed full. He had a great plenty in his stomach, a trifle in his handkerchief, and something more in his hat. His cheeks were distended, and his mouth even then was full of biscuit and butter. And still his thoughtful aunt was worrying herself lest he should feel hungry before he got back home.

But at last he tore himself away, jumped into the stage, and rattled off toward the cars. He hardly wanted to leave yet, for he had been having such a nice time of it; and yet he was glad he had finally got away, for he was really afraid he should be stuffed to death. There's not another such thing in the world as the hospitality of our kind country friends. It comes down on one like a soft rain, and wets him through to the skin.

By due course of stage-coach and cars, he was landed again at the point whence he had originally started. He hurried home; and it took him quite a whole week to recount to his wife and three children the fun alive he had so recently been through.

When he was fairly over it all, perhaps had even forgotten it, and some month or more had been allowed to slip away, he was somewhat startled, one night, as he came in from business, to hear his wife say that a big box had been sent there during the day.

"A big box!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said she; "and it's the queerest looking thing I ever *did* see. Just step and look at it in the kitchen."

Mr. Mulberry hesitated a moment.

"But is it directed to me?" he inquired.

"It's not directed at all. There's not a single mark upon it."

"That's odd!" replied Mr. Mulberry; and a close observer might notice that he turned a trifle pale. "No mark upon it! Why, it can't be for *me*, I'm sure!"

"Yes, for the man who brought it said so; and when I questioned him about it, he declared there was no mistake at all. It was for Mr.—Joseph—Mulberry." She pronounced the last three words with unusual slowness and precision.

Now it so happened that there had been a great deal written for the papers, just about that time, concerning a species of devilish contrivance called the "infernal machine;" and Mr. Mulberry had read every word with much interest, if not excitement. He read how an editor had had such a thing sent by an unknown hand to his sanctum, and that, suspecting its true character, he had had it carefully opened by the police. Then there was another case of a young man in a hotel in New York, who had no sooner set down a heavy carpet-bag on the floor,—the bag belonged to some not yet arrived stranger, and the young man was a light porter in the establishment,—than an explosion followed, killing the young man outright, and severely wounding several others. And, worse than all, the horrible catastrophe by the same instrument in Cincinnati, by which both a man and his wife were instantly torn in pieces, was still fresh and vivid in his memory, warning him of danger in ten thousand places where it never happened to lark at all.

"What shall I do with it?" he asked his wife, terrified at finding himself actually beset at last by this double contrivance of the arch fiend. "It wont do to *open* it."

"It wont; why not, Mr. Mulberry?"

Mrs. Mulberry did not yet, it appears, comprehend his monstrous fears.

"Because I'm afraid it is one of those *infernal machines!*"

Now Mrs. Mulberry turned pale, too.

"O, *dear*, dear!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands; "what shall we do! I'm sure, the man that brought it didn't *look* like an infernal fellow."

"Let's go and get a look at it, at any rate," said Mr. Mulberry, his courage going up as he saw his wife's go down. "I wonder it didn't go off when the men brought it in."

"And the children have been playing on it, too—the dear things!" said Mrs. Mulberry. "O, what if it had blown the darlings out of the world! O, what *are* we all coming to? For my part, I don't understand!"

Before her husband thought, however, of trying to make her understand what *was* going to be the probable conclusion of matters and things in general, he pushed his way cautiously along into the kitchen, his wife following close at his heels. She kept bidding him beware, all the way, for *something* might go off, before he could stop to think of it; and *something* might happen, while he was right where he would be sure to get hurt.

But he kept on, until the fearful object was before him. Near the table, in the kitchen, stood a rough box, nearly as big as a bushel-basket. A few straws stuck through its chinks, and there was a rope handle on either side. As he went nearer, Mrs. Mulberry kept crying, "don't! don't! Mr. Mulberry!" while she, herself, was content to stand outside the door, clear, as she thought, of danger.

"At any rate," said Mr. Mulberry, screwing up his mouth, so as to look desperately courageous, "if it's an infernal machine, I mean to give it infernal *fits!* Katy," speaking to the wondering servant-girl, who had drawn her matches across it to kindle the afternoon fire in the stove with, "bring me a tub here, and pump it full of water."

The tub was brought, and palful after palful of water was poured in. Mrs. Mulberry kept all the time calling out, tremblingly, from her place without the door: "If it should go off, Mr. Mulberry! O, if it should go off!"

Katy and Mr. Mulberry took hold of the fearful box, and dumped it with a monstrous wave that splashed itself all over the floor, into the tub. "There!" said he, stepping aside out of the wet; "now, Katy, do you see that that box is kept under water for twenty four hours. After that, I'll look into it a little farther!" And both Mrs. Mulberry and her careful husband began to feel better upon it.

Next afternoon, just before tea, in came Mr. Mulberry, escorting a policeman. His wife saw the officer enter, and experienced a sensation of perfect safety. Katy looked at his bright yellow badge, and trembled for fear her last moment might have come.

The two men lifted the box from the tub of water, and Mr. Mulberry proceeded to hunt up a hammer and chisel. The policeman went very cautiously to work, beginning at one corner at a time.

After a vast deal of labor and anxiety, and a great deal more of alarm and protestation from Mrs. Mulberry in the door, and many low wailings and howlings from the superstitious servant-girl, the lid was taken off, and the apparatus lay exposed before them. O, no, not at all; what they concluded to be a kind of white detonating powder, lying flat over the contents, was nothing more dangerous than a white linen cloth, badly soaked, and sticking down as if it had hold of a new cheese. They pulled it up very slowly, peeping under the edges as they lifted it.

The officer's face relaxed a little. On the top was a queer jumble of articles, soft and spongy. He gently pressed his hand upon them. They were nothing but *dried apples!* And well soaked, too; for they had lain quiet in the water for twenty-four hours, and that is rather longer, they say, than it is absolutely necessary to soak dried apples before using.

At the bottom of the box, were a few white beans, all ready to be set in for baking; a half of a new cheese, of which Mr. Mulberry happened to be very fond; and a long card of very soft gingerbread, which might be extremely serviceable to children in case of mumps. And in among them all, a letter from Mr. Mulberry's aunt in the country! Everything spoiled—except the letter; and that was blurred and blotted, till it looked more like an inscription on a tea-chest than anything else.

Mr. Mulberry gave the policeman five dollars, and bade him say nothing about it. He had rather be blown up by a thousand infernal machines, he said, than stand the fire of laughter that would be certain to greet him, if the thing should happen to get out. But it did get out, in spite of him. Shouldn't he rather have given the five dollars to *Mrs. Mulberry?*

THE SEVENTH TRIAL.

There has always been a mystic reputation for the number seven, and although the number of believers in such things may be less in these latter days than formerly, yet they will all notice that the French attack on the Malakhoff was only successful on the seventh assault. The amiable Pelissier must believe in number seven, for his first start in life was when he was thrown, by request, into an Arab fort, from which the French troops had been six times repulsed. In the Crimea he probably remembered this; and the story of Bruce, who, when a prisoner, watched a spider building his web; six times the spider attempted to fasten one of his supporting cables —six times the spider failed, but the seventh he was successful. The Scottish king took heart of grace from the perseverance of the insect. He had been six times defeated, but the seventh was the battle of Bannockburn, quite as important in that day as the Malakhoff. These coincidences are interesting, and convey a good lesson. There are Malakhoffs in every man's path, and if he will but persevere till the seventh time, he will be sure to have them at last. Persevere to the end!—*London Morning Herald.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BERTHALDA'S SONG.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

WHEN Albert of Austria ascended the throne, he looked only to the extension of his territories, and disregarded the franchises of the cities and countries granted by his father, the good emperor Rudolf. The people of the Swiss cantons united, and swore to the Perpetual Bond. Albert did all in his power to induce the Confederates to become faithful subjects, and place themselves under the protection of Austria, and he promised to enrich them by fiefs, knighthood and booty. The mountaineers refused to relinquish the ancient rights of their fathers. In fierce rage, Albert sent them, as imperial bailiffs, severe wicked men from his own territories to oppose them, in hopes they would be able so to harass them that they might be glad to detach themselves from the empire and place themselves under the sovereignty of the house of Austria. He sent Herman Gesler and Beringer of Landenberg. No other bailiffs had ever made their abode in the land, but these wicked men did, the better to harass their people. Landenberg went to the king's castle, Rosenberg in Obwalden, and Gesler built himself a tower in Uri. From that time the people were punished for the smallest offences, by imprisonment and heavy fines, and were treated with haughtiness and contempt. When Arnold of Underhalden was told to draw his own plough, and enraged at the insult struck Landenberg's servant, and broke two of his fingers, Landenberg, in revenge, put out both the eyes of Arnold's father. It is needless to enumerate the petty acts of tyranny and injustice continually performed by these unprincipled men.

All my readers are familiar with the names of William Tell and Gesler, and with the struggles of the Swiss for freedom. One man from each of the three cantons—Uri, Schuz, and Unterwalden—Walter Furst, Werner, and William Tell, met at Rutli, and brought with them ten true men; and in a meadow, beneath the starry heavens, they swore to live and die for the rights of the innocent people. I have felt called upon to touch on these things that my readers may better understand the feeling of the people at this time. It was after the death of Gesler, by William Tell, that the events which I intend to relate happened.

About a mile from the castle of Rosenberg stood a small cottage, belonging to Marie Evenbach. It stood now quite alone, the nearest building being Castle Rosenberg. Once there stood some seven or eight cottages within reach of the high, shrill cry peculiar to these mountaineers; but it was one of the first acts of Beringer Landenberg to have some of them removed, and so to torment the owners of the others, that they went away. Marie Evenbach would have done the same, but Beringer chose she should remain. Marie Evenbach had one daughter, Berthalda, a young, happy girl, but not at all handsome, which accounted for her remaining unmolested by the bailiff. One day she sat singing in the cottage porch, and while so engaged it happened that Beringer Landenberg rode along. Berthalda possessed a magnificent voice, rich, sweet, and very powerful; and she sang this day with her whole soul. The knight stopped and listened with delighted attention, and as soon as the song ceased, he pushed open the gate, and stood before the astonished and horror-stricken girl.

"By the holy virgin! but you have a fine voice, my girl. I have need of such a bird in my castle. To morrow I will send my steward for you."

Poor Berthalda, with white lips, supplicated him.

"I am the sole support of a poor, widowed mother."

Beringer laughed a brutal laugh, as he replied:

"Cease, girl; your mother must do without you henceforth. Tell her for me that she must make you work smart, and do all you can, for she will have only till to-morrow noon."

Throwing herself on her knees, Berthalda again supplicated him:

"Leave me to my mother, and every day I will come to your castle, and sing hours for you."

"Enough! I must have you where I can hear your delicious voice at any moment. If your old mother can't get along without you, let her go somewhere else, or die."

The hardy Swiss spirit flashed up into Berthalda's eyes, as springing to her feet, she exclaimed, angrily and bitterly:

"You shall be obeyed; but my coming shall be the signal for bitter misfortune. I will be not a singing bird, but a bird of evil, a lammergeyer in your castle."

With a light laugh, Beringer rode from the door, determined not only to have Berthalda, but to break the proud spirit which had dared to threaten him.

Adolph Waldman was one of the thirty men who had taken the oath at Rutli, and betrothed to Berthalda Evenbach. The evening came, and her mother having retired, Berthalda sat in the bright moonlight weeping—for there was no mother's eye to note her sorrow—over the thought of her fate on the morrow. A step was heard, and one moment more, and Berthalda was folded in her lover's arms. Adolph noticed her agitation, and demanded the cause. Resting her head upon his shoulder, Berthalda could only weep. Adolph allowed her to weep, and while they were standing thus, Beringer and his servants dashed by, intent upon some nocturnal act of villany. When Berthalda heard the tramp, and saw the bold knight, she sprang up, and dashing the tears from her face, she exclaimed:

"No more foolish tears! I am a woman!"

"Tell me, dear Berthalda, the cause of your sorrow, for I feel afraid it is in some way connected with Beringer Landenberg," said Adolph, while there rested on his handsome face a dark cloud.

"Tyrant!" exclaimed Berthalda, "how long do you think you will live to laugh at the groans of the oppressed? An end will come, and that sooner than you think!"

Then turning to Adolph, she recounted with a firm, concentrated voice the scene the reader is already acquainted with. Her voice faltered not until she had wholly finished, when repeating the name of "mother," she sank into the arms of her lover, unable to utter another word.

"Fear not, dear Berthalda! Your mother shall be my constant care; and you will be brave, and remember you are a Swiss. Not long shall you remain."

Berthalda had been at Castle Rosenberg nearly five weeks, and her voice was so rich that every day at dinner-time she came into the hall and sang for the bailiff. At first she refused to sing with her full power—in fact, hardly allowed her voice to be heard above a sort of murmur; but now she sang with all her full sweetness. Often when Beringer rode out, he sent for Berthalda, and made her sing, that he might hear her voice die away with the distance. Many and many times had Berthalda and Adolph met. What passed between them, none knew; but it was with a firm, haughty step that she trod the halls of the gloomy castle.

The last night of the old year was dark and stormy. The moon was completely hid by the dense masses of clouds, the wind howled dismally through the trees and sighed in the loopholes, and ever and anon the rain and sleet drove against the castle windows and drenched the slight form of Berthalda, as she stood at an open window in the western wing of the castle. The cloak which she had thrown over her to protect herself against the storm, had fallen back as she eagerly leaned from the window. Earnestly she listened to catch some particular and expected sound above the raging wind. Suddenly she started up, for her ear caught a low cry, resembling the hoot of an owl.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, softly. Then bending forward she repeated the cry, which was instantly repeated under her window. A glad smile broke over her face, and without a moment's hesitation, she lowered a rope from the window down to the castle ditch, the end of which she securely fastened in the room. A few seconds had passed, when she felt the rope slightly twitch, and with a steady hand she began to draw it up. Slowly, but steadily, she pulled, exerting all her strength. At last a man's hand appeared above the window-sill, and the next instant she was clasped fondly in her lover's arms.

"Blessings on you, my dearest, bravest little Berthalda! You have saved us much strife by your courage."

"No more, dearest Adolph! for every Switzer wife and maiden will aid thy cause with courage and strength. But the rest," and Berthalda again lowered the rope.

Together they drew up the rope, and another mountaineer sprang into the apartment. Again, and again this was done, until twenty determined brave men stood within the little room. The window was closed, and in deep silence the little band awaited the coming of the morn.

The new year came in with smiles. The storm of the preceding evening had cleared away, and the sun shone out with increased brilliancy. As soon as it was broad day, Beringer of Landenberg prepared to leave the castle to attend mass. He had scarcely rode beyond the castle gate, when he was met by a band of twenty men bearing the customary presents—fowls, goats, lambs, and other new year's gifts. The bailiff of Landenberg smiled, and assuming his most friendly manner, addressed them thus:

"Enter the gate, friends, and hail with cheers the coming of this blessed new year's day, and send forth prayers that this year may be as profitable as the last. Enter, friends!"

When they had entered the castle yard, Berthalda sprang upon the steps, and her rich voice swelled with greater power than ever. At that sound, which was a signal previously agreed upon, the twenty men drew forth spears and fell upon the soldiers in the court-yard, while the twenty who had entered there might be mastered all within the castle, and thirty others who had lain hidden in a thicket near by came to their assistance. Landenberg stood at bay for some time, and cursed Berthalda who had brought this misfortune on him. He resisted for a while, but finally, almost wild with fright, he fled over the meadows; but he was overtaken, and made to swear, together with all his people, to leave the country forever. Crest-fallen and overcome, this petty tyrant was allowed to return to Lucerne. No blood was shed nor any injury done, and yet the sun shone in unclouded splendor on this freedom's new year's day.

Great was the praise lavished upon Berthalda, and for many years her song was a watchword among the Alps. Bonfires blazed all around on the Alps, and this new year's day was ever remembered. A few days after, Berthalda and Adolph were united in the little chapel, and full and joyous were the wishes for their everlasting happiness and prosperity.

ANCIENT LUXURY.

To enjoy the scent of roses at meals, an abundance of rose-leaves was shaken out upon the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses, during meals, descended on the guests from above. Heliogabalus, in his folly, caused violets and roses to be showered down upon his guests in such quantities, that a number of them, being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal times, they reclined upon cushions stuffed with rose leaves, or made a couch of the leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewed with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed. Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast, which she gave to Antony, had them laid two cubits thick on the floor of the banquet-room, and then caused nets to be spread over flowers, in order to render the footing elastic. Heliogabalus caused not only the banquet-rooms, but also the colonnades that led to them, to be covered with roses, interspersed with lilies, violets, hyancinths, and narcissi, and walked upon this flowery platform.—*Home Journal.*

The man of books is generally awkward in business; the man of business is often superficial in knowledge.

Jester's Picnic.

Lawyer.—"You said Smith and Simmons were engaged, just outside of the grocery door, toward the heel of the fight; now tell the court and jury what you were doing at that particular juncture yourself."

Witness.—"Me? I was persuadin' William Johnson that he was a doin' of a wrong thing, but he wouldn't listen to me."

Lawyer.—"Ah! what was it he was doing?"

Witness.—"Well, he hilt me by the coat-collar."

Lawyer.—"Anything else? Come, let's have it all out!"

Witness.—"O, yes. He hilt me by the collar with one hand, and was a passin' expressions on *my head*, with a great big stick, in t'other."

"We think," says the Frankfort Yeoman, "it is perfectly ridiculous and unmanly in certain editors to keep sneering at and carping at low necked dresses. The fact is, the ladies were driven to the present fashion in self defence and vindication, and by the impertinent course of these same meddling editors. When highnecks were in fashion, these Miss Nancy editors were continually insinuating that the ladies—dear creatures—in fortifying their little hearts against the assaults of Cupid, adopted the mode of defence used by General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. We always believed the insinuation was a vile slander, and now we know it was."

A gentleman having put out a candle by accident, one night, ordered his waiting-man (who was a simple being) to light it again in the kitchen. "But take care, John," added he, "that you do not hit yourself against anything, in the dark." Mindful of the caution, John stretched out both his arms at full length before him; but, unluckily, a door which stood half open, passed between his hands, and struck him a blow upon the nose. "Dickens!" muttered he, when he recovered his senses a little; "I always heard that I had a plaguy long nose, but I vow I never have thought before it was longer than my arm."

"Don't you want a real prime lot of butter?" asked a pedler, who had picked it up at fifty different places.

"What sort of butter is that?" asked the merchant.

"The clear quill—made by my wife from a dairy of forty cows—only two churnings."

"What makes it of so many colors?"

"I guess," replied the Yankee, "you never would have asked that question if you had seen my cows, for they are a darned sight speckleder than the butter is."

In the early part of the eighteenth century, a farmer was condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of the law for cow-stealing. His wife called to see him a few days previous to his execution, to take a last farewell, when she asked him:

"My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?"

"No," replied he, "what must they come for?"

"That's just like you," said the wife, "you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment!"

The gentlest taskmaster we ever knew of is a blacksmith, who says every evening to his apprentices: "Come, boys, let's leave off work and go to sawing wood." He must be a brother of the farmer down east, who, one season, when he was building a new house, used to try to get his hired men out with him to play at "dig cellar by moonlight."

First Loafer.—"Why, Jim, how pale you look—what's the matter?"

Second Loafer.—"O, got no sleep last night."

First Loafer.—"How was that?"

Second Loafer.—"Why, you see another feller took my cellar door, and so I had to take another, and I can never sleep in a strange bed."

Surgical Mistake.—House Surgeon.—Ah, by the way, there's Higgins' case; there has been a slight mistake—it was the sound leg cut off."

Visiting Surgeon.—It's of no consequence, we can cure t'other—so it comes to the same thing.'

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